THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES

The dumbest Congressman of them all: Sen. William Scott

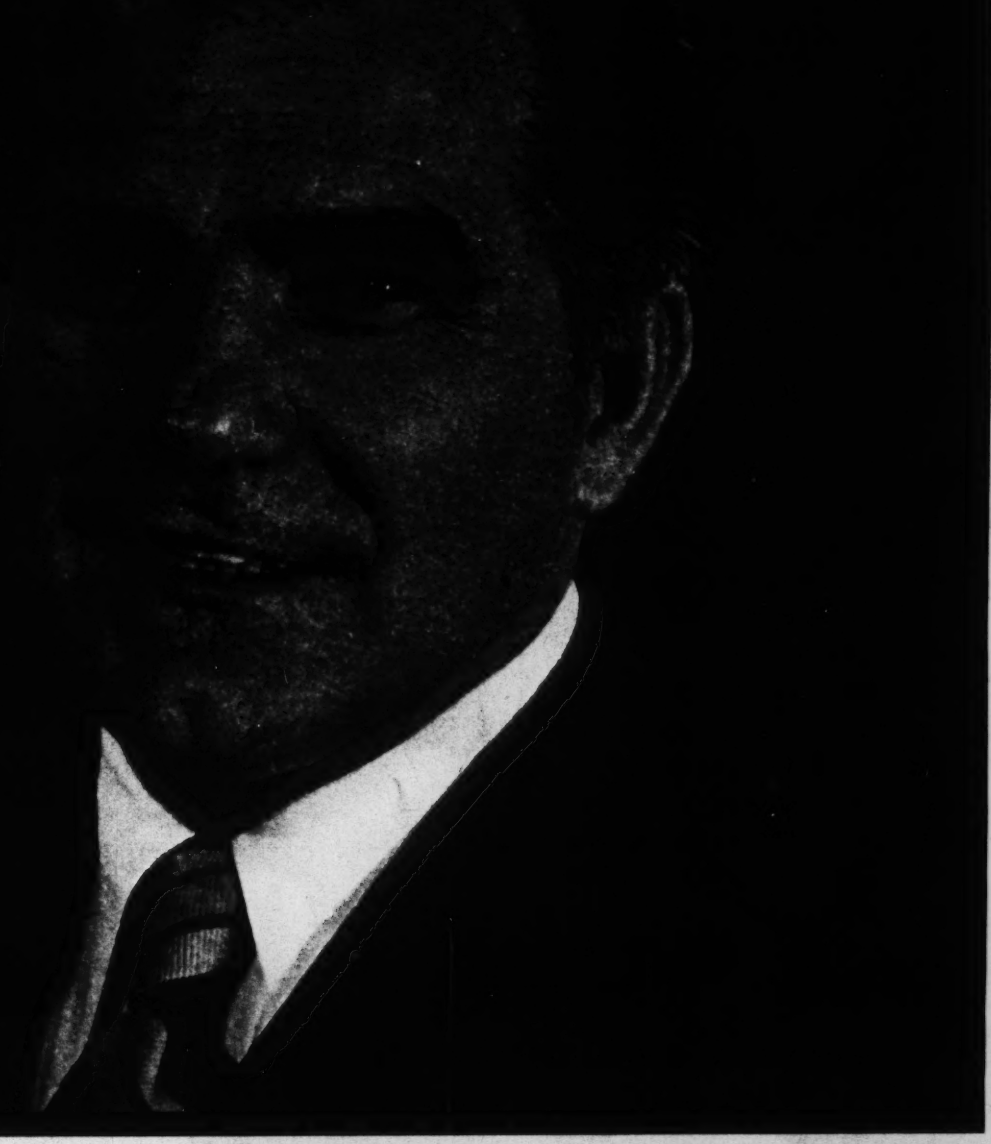
Plus nine runners-up

A Mother Goose Watergate primer

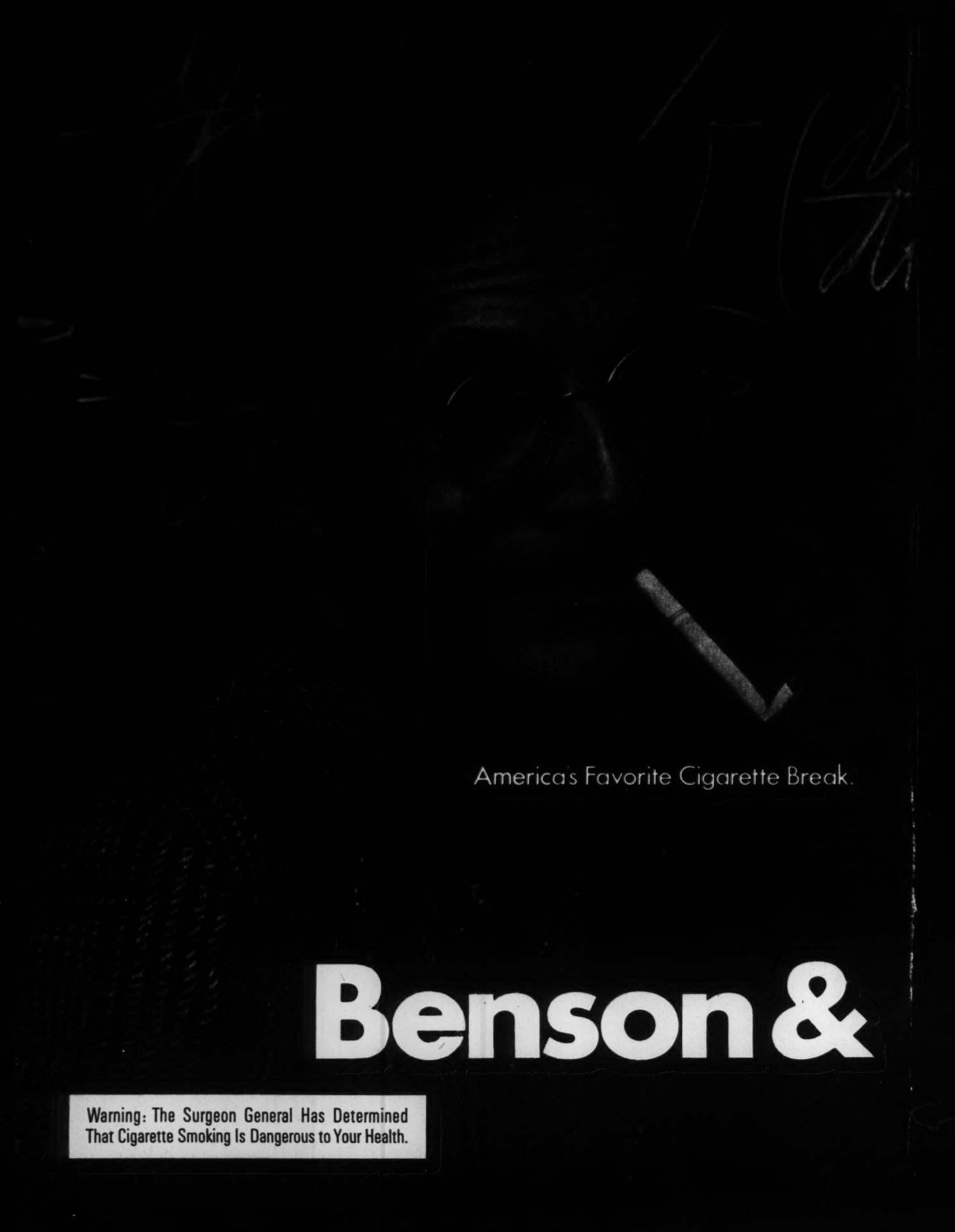
Discrimination in the Catholic Church

The rise of the Ouija board

The siren call of the Golden Gate Bridge



SUSAN THORNHILL
ZEROX UNIV MICROFILMS
300 N ZEB RD
ANN ARBOR MI 48106


America's Favorite Cigarette Break.
Benson &
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Hedges 100's.

14

54

NEW TIMES MAY 17, 1974, Volume 2, Number 10

TOP OF THE NEWS:

The ten dumbest congressmen *"Sage" is not the word for all of the men who will sit in judgment of Richard Nixon. Some of them are downright "stupid . . . slow of mind . . . obtuse . . . thickheaded"* **By Nina Totenberg** 14

The Watergate Mother Goose **Text by Freda Goldstein** **Illustrated by Joseph Smith** 25

The Irish connection *The greening of the Catholic Church in America continues—in defiance of logic and the sheer statistics of the Hispanic immigration* **By Robert Sam Anson** 29

THESE ARE NEW TIMES:

Tales from the new board room *In the wake of* The Exorcist, *Ouija board sales are soaring, and so are the hopes of a host of virgin psychics* **By Jesse Kornbluth** 36

LOCAL COLOR:

Side Trips *Duck! It's the new journalism,* **by Laer Pearce;** *The last of the Democrat Nixons,* **by Tom Price** 40

The fatal beauty of the Golden Gate Bridge *No place in the Western world has attracted so many bent on self-destruction. More than 512 have jumped already* **By Lee Foster** 42

THE ARTS:

The trial of art *The courtroom artist, who has such antecedents as Daumier and Ben Shahn, is increasingly in demand these days* **By Mark Goodman** 54

Behind the scenes at NEW TIMES page 3
LETTERS page 4
THE WORD page 6
THE INSIDER page 9

REVIEWS:
Movies: *Lucia* page 58
TV: John Boy page 60
Music: Alan Price page 62
Books: *Conundrum* page 64

FINAL TRIBUTE
The end of the *Storm*
By John Christie page 68

Copyright © 1974 by New Times Communications Corp. All rights reserved.

NEW TIMES is published bi-weekly by New Times Communications Corp. One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. George A Hirsch, President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $12.00 per year, $2.00 additional for Canada, $5.00 additional for all other foreign.

Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE orders, change of address, etc. to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302
ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016

Audit Bureau of Circulations Application submitted.

Photo Credits

Cover Photo by Wide World

Top of the News (issue of May 3) photos for Patty Hearst story taken by Ted steshinsky.

Sacco and Vanzetti, 1932. (Mural project) Tempera, 21" x 48" fil Photo courtesy of Kennedy Galleries, Inc., New York. P. 56. *You Have Lost Your Suit, It's True (Men of Justice).* 1848 National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.; Rosenwald Collection. P. 56.

3-Lynne Bundesen. 6-top center, UPI; bottom center and right, Wide World. 8–9-UPI (5). 10-Wide World. 16-lower left, Wide World; upper right, Ken Regan/ Camera 5. 20–24 Wide World (6). 32–33-Third Floor Photography/Ben Fernandez. 38-Jeanne Black. 49-Lee Foster/San Francisco *Examiner.* 54-Marilyn Church/N.Y. *Times.* 55-UPI/Aggie Whelan. 57-Marilyn Church/N.Y. *Times.* 61-Jill Friedman. 64-David Gahr.

NEW TIMES

Publisher
George A. Hirsch

Editor
Jonathan Z. Larsen

General Manager
Louis B. Dotti Jr.

Art Director
Steve Phillips

Business Manager
Rose Strohmenger

Associate Editors
Thomas Moore
Frank Rich
Harry Stein
Robert Sherrill
Nina Totenberg (Wash.)

Administrative Assistants
Phyllis Cohen
Cynthia Wilson

Assistant Editors
Wendy Hecht
Ellen Rosenbush

Circulation Director
Mark V. Earley

Assistant Art Director
Carolyn Buckley

Circulation Assistant
Martha Pierson

Art Assistant
Carol Throgmorton

Production Assistant
Anne R. Brokaw

Photo Researcher
Donna Nicholson

Editorial Consultant
Steve Gelman

Promotion Manager
Bernard Stolar

Design Consultant
Allen Hurlburt

Assistant to the Publisher
Vicki Meyer

Advertising Director
Ernest M. Walker Jr.

Associate Advertising Director
David B. Metz

Advertising Assistant
Terry Ellen Ladin

Advertising Representative
Pamela Pietri

Advertising Representatives

Chicago
Warden, Kelley & Allen, Inc.

Los Angeles
Pattis-Schindler Inc.

Detroit
Richard Hartle Associates

Philadelphia
Coveney Associates

Contributing Editors
Joan Barthel, Jimmy Breslin, Brock Brower, F. Reid Buckley, Sara Davidson, Pete Hamill, Marshall Frady, Donald Jackson, Murray Kempton, Larry L. King, J. Anthony Lukas, Joe McGinniss, Mike Royko, Nora Sayre, Dick Schaap, Marcia Seligson, Studs Terkel, Thomas Thompson, Nicholas von Hoffman

Contributing Photographers
Harry Benson, Jill Freedman, Benno Friedman, Mary Ellen Mark, Dick Swanson

Special Contributors
Richard Aurelio, Arthur Hadley, Gregg Kilday, Richard Kluger, Lucy Komisar, John Leo, Janet Maslin, Francis Pollock, Dan Rosen, Anne Schneider, Marion Steinmann, Stuart Werbin, Geoffrey Wolff

Correspondents
Washington D.C.: Charlie McCollum, Wallace Roberts; **Alaska:** Howard C. Weaver (Anchorage); **Arizona:** Elaine Nathanson (Tucson), Bruce Taylor (Phoenix); **Arkansas:** Max F. Brantley (Little Rock); **California:** Connie Bruck (San Diego), Pennfield Jenson (Berkeley), Carol Sternhell (Palo Alto); **Colorado:** William Gallo (Denver); **Connecticut:** Fred Mann (Mystic), Mark Singer (Hartford); **Delaware:** Curtis Wilkie (Wilmington); **Florida:** James Savage (Miami); **Georgia:** Gregory Jaynes (Atlanta); **Hawaii:** Gerald F. Burris (Honolulu); **Idaho:** Michael Parfit (Mackay); **Illinois:** Scott W. Jacobs (Chicago), Tim Meidroth (Morris); **Indiana:** John Brady (Terre Haute), Tom Cochrun (Indianapolis); **Iowa:** Chuck Offenburger (Des Moines); **Kentucky:** John Filiatreau (Louisville), Stephen Ford (Hazard); **Maine:** John N. Cole (Brunswick), John Lovell (Portland); **Maryland:** Joseph Nawrozki (Baltimore); **Massachusetts:** Madeleine Blais (Cambridge), William M. Kutik (Provincetown); **Michigan:** Mike Maza (Detroit), Tony Schwartz (Ann Arbor); **Minnesota:** Conrad de Fiebre (Minneapolis), Eugenia Yiannopoulos (Moorhead); **Mississippi:** Ed Kohn (Greenville); **Missouri:** Margaret W. Freivogel (St. Louis), Harry Jones Jr. (Kansas City); **Montana:** Cortlandt Freeman (Bozeman); **Nebraska:** Robert L. Guenther (Lincoln); **New Hampshire:** Stewart Powell (Derry), Christopher Tilghman (Cornish Flat); **New Jersey:** John Merritt, III (Cape May Court House); **New Mexico:** John Neary (Tesuque); **New York:** Anthony Hewett (United Nations), Fritz Koch (Buffalo), Ellen Perlmutter (Binghamton); **North Carolina:** Richard Edmonds (Winston-Salem); **North Dakota:** Nancy Edmonds (Fargo); **Ohio:** Thomas S. Andrzejewski (Cleveland), Frank Denton (Cincinnati), E.E. "Chip" Elliott (Columbus); **Oklahoma:** Mike Shannon (Oklahoma City); **Pennsylvania:** Alfonso X. Donalson (Pittsburgh), James Lieber (Philadelphia); **Rhode Island:** Lee Dykes (Providence); **South Carolina:** Jon Buchan (Columbia); **Tennessee:** Thomas BeVier (Memphis), Steve Nickeson (Nashville); **Texas:** Susan L. Butler (Houston), Molly Ivins (Austin); **Vermont:** Richard Kagle (Brattleboro); **Virginia:** Garrett Epps (Richmond); **Washington:** Bruce Johansen (Seattle); **West Virginia:** Richard Stanley (Huntington); **Wisconsin:** Nina Bernstein (Milwaukee), Dennis Moore (Beloit); **Wyoming:** Michael Sellett (Jackson); **Canada:** Robert Ramsey (Toronto); **England:** Annalyn Swan (Oxford); **India:** Dina Vakil (Bombay); **Ireland:** Arturo F. Gonzalez Jr. (Dublin)

BEHIND THE SCENES

Nina Totenberg, *NEW TIMES'* Washington editor who wrote this week's cover story on the ten dumbest members of Congress, came to us a couple of months ago with solid gold credentials. During five years with *The National Observer,* covering the Supreme Court, the Justice Department and politics, she had twice won the American Bar Association's coveted Silver Gavel award for the best coverage of the Supreme Court and had been nominated by her paper for the Pulitzer Prize.

One doesn't get that kind of reputation by piddling around. Among the news breaks that she came up with during her stint with the *Observer* was the story that Richard Nixon had been cited by the courts for campaign violations during his abortive race for governor of California in 1962.

Nor has her hard-nosed reporting left her free of enemies. J. Edgar Hoover tried to have her fired after her tough profile of him appeared. And Jack Anderson labeled her "that brassy blond reporter for *The National Observer*" following a celebrated run-in she had with then-Attorney General Mitchell. "Mr. Attorney General," she asked, "is it true that the President said, 'Fuck the American Bar Association?' " Mitchell paused before he answered. "Please," he said finally, "there are ladies present."

The "ten dumbest" story is one of those assignments that brought out the persistent investigator in Nina. "I did the story clandestinely," she says, "although, amazingly, people were generally cooperative when they found out what I was up to. Even members of Congress."

Unearthing the individuals who qualify for the distinction of being the dumbest congressmen was no simple task. "I talked to over 200 people trying to narrow down the field," says Nina. "When I got it down to 20, I started interviewing them."

Nina realizes, of course, that she doesn't exactly create good will for herself with assignments of this kind. "There are a lot of people who thought I was really stupid to allow my byline to be used on this story," she says. "They're probably right, too. But I believe in taking responsibility for what I write."

A brief personal note. I want to offer my congratulations to my good friend and *NEW TIMES* contributing editor Murray Kempton, who won this year's National Book Award for contemporary affairs for *The Briar Patch: The People of the State of New York v Lumumba Shakur Et Al.* The book, which the NBA jury praised as "a classic in the literature of the trial," is published by Dutton. It is a brilliant piece of work and I recommend it wholeheartedly.

George A. Hirsch

LETTERS

Sensitive commentary

As a sometime pretender to aesthetic knowledge, I have often been irritated by the apparently petulant and priggish panning with which many reviewers fry new books or movies. These reviewers fear for their own reputation as critic more than they desire to give their audience a balanced and sensitive commentary which the layman can use to decide whether or not he might enjoy the work in question.

In greatly refreshing contrast to this slick esoteric panning, Frank Rich writes an interesting and sensitive evaluation of the recent *Gatsby* film (April 19). Without neglecting aesthetic analysis in his article, Mr. Rich does go beyond a theoretical evaluation of *Gatsby* to consider whether or not people might enjoy seeing it. Instead of criticizing Miss Farrow's performance as inadequate and inappropriate, Mr. Rich sensitively considers the dramatic problem of how to present Daisy's character on film. It is this type of analysis and the conclusion Mr. Rich reaches—that Miss Farrow's performance is appropriate to the tenor of Fitzgerald's *Gatsby*—that I am interested in reading.

My friends and I generally consider professional art criticism so wrapped up in itself that it will bear only tangentially, if at all, on our own responses. That box-office receipts often belie critics' predictions and comments indicates that we are not alone. I certainly do not advocate a "criticism for the masses" or even a retreat from aesthetic considerations to a hedonistic form of criticism, but some consideration for the pleasure art may give in spite of its imperfections does seem in order. Mr. Rich is in tune with my preferences.

John H. Lintner
Washington, Conn.

The unkindest cutline

When Nelson Rockefeller was addressing a luncheon at the 1974 Midwest Republican Leadership Conference, interestingly described by Douglas Bauer (May 3), I happened to be at a smaller luncheon in the same hotel, listening to Representative Robert McClory (R-Ill.), the second-ranking minority member of the House Judiciary Committee.

"I suppose," McClory said, "after this impeachment inquiry is over . . . I'll retire back into a position of relative obscurity which I occupied before."

Judging by your erroneous cutlines under a picture on page 10 of the May 3 issue of *NEW TIMES* (you identified McClory as Ed Hutchinson, the ranking minority member), I would say that McClory's prediction already has come true.

William D. Tammeus
Reporter
Kansas City Star

Editor's Note: Reporter Tammeus is, of course, correct. Our apologies to both McClory and Hutchinson.

Of birth and death

Any serious or widespread adoption of the method of birth prescribed by Dr. Leboyer (April 19) would only lead to a dramatic increase in this country's already shameful prenatal mortality rate.

The newborn infant who does not cry vigorously and flex his muscles is generally a baby who is experiencing difficulty adjusting to life outside the womb.

The very act of crying inflates the previously unused lungs. A baby lying quietly cannot possibly breathe deeply enough to inflate all of his lung tissue. Thus, a portion remains uninflated—a condition known as "atelectasis." The presence of any degree of atelectasis normally demands that a newborn be watched very closely.

Turn down the lights in the delivery room and you cannot watch the baby's color. Skin color, especially facial, is a good indicator of ventilatory adequacy. If the presence of poor color is not picked up for 15 minutes, it might be too late.

If you want to provide for more "serene" newborns, there are steps you can take.

I, for one, feel that the obstetricians and prenatal specialists will oppose Dr. Leboyer and with very good reason.

Eileen Herbert, R.N.
New York, New York

Untogetherness

It is quite obvious to me that the author of the piece on Paolo Soleri is most definitely an untogether person in flight searching for his spiritual spa. With no small amount of insensitivity and cynicism, he uses what some people (the editors of *NEW TIMES* included) might consider the "controversial" nature of Arcosanti to expound upon his own personal anguish.

What Paolo Soleri is attempting to do is unquestionably admirable, possibly historic, and his concept of cities without automobiles and as places for information and involvement in microscopic, aesthetic form are profound thoughts, truly—so why does *NEW TIMES* lend its resources and encouragement to publicize one man's inarticulate frustrations at the expense of doing an accurate and genuine portrayal of ideas which are of far more import to its readers, if not to be Hip?

The particular inanity of the article comes with its conclusion: "'How does archology and its first born [not yet] Arcosanti, relate to those problems that had driven us from our hate-beloved Urb to our dirt road in Arizona?"

If Mr. Neary had any insight whatsoever he would not be asking so stupid a question, and if the editors of the magazine knew anything about what he was writing about, and took their magazine seriously, they would not have permitted it, and it seems to me that both Mr. Neary and *NEW TIMES* are contributing to the whirlpool. It comes as no surprise to me that Mr. Neary is writing a book on insanity.

Diana Licht
Washington, D.C.

Carried away

Out of the 15 magazines that I currently subscribe to, yours is the only one that I read cover to cover. I find each page as exciting and interesting as the past one.

I was especially delighted by your April 19 issue but did think that Tim Ferris ("A most unnatural death") got a little too carried away with his criticism of Niagara Mohawk and at times bordered on libel.

Abe Goteiner
Kirtland AFB
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Refund coming

Wow! Thanks a bunch for your excellent article "White House tax tips" (April 19). Instead of paying my usual would-be taxes this year, I will now get a refund four times as big as my income!!

By the way, I figure that this letter is worth $19, and since I am donating it to *NEW TIMES*, I already have a nifty little deduction for next year.

Phil Moran
Marquette, Michigan

A near Miss

Your April 19 issue was grand; best articles were the ones on birth and bisexuality. However, no way was Ms. Diane Sawyer Miss Teenage America; rather she was 1963 America's Junior Miss. To boot, her sister, Linda Sawyer, was the 1964 Miss Kentucky and one of the ten finalists in the Miss America Pageant.

Keep on doing the good pieces.

Charles Marco Patranella
Bryan, Texas

Sour note

In regard to Janet Maslin's article (Music/April 19) criticizing the Pointer Sisters (as well as the Divine Miss M), kindly advise her to shove it.

J. Smith
Elizabeth, Tenn.

More aware

I am writing in reference to the article "Alternate Energy Pipe Dreams," in the April 5 issue.

As a freshman in Child Care Technology at Youngstown State University, but more so, as a concerned citizen of the United States, I am very much interested and aware of our existing energy problems.

The article dealt with several possible areas that are the energy hopes for the future, including windmills, solar battery space stations, and in essence, even garbage. I was truly impressed by the work of Clews, the man who now runs his home on windmill energy. The article was filled with helpful and knowledgeable facts and after reading it, I was able to understand better our alternate sources of energy. I believe anyone who read such an article can't help but stop and think of the crisis our country is facing.

I feel such articles and others like it can make people more aware of our energy problems and especially make them more aware of possible solutions.

Barbara Roberts
Youngstown, Ohio

Number one

For whatever it's worth, I've placed *NEW TIMES* in the "number one spot" of favorite publications we subscribe to. The others include:

Time
Money
Fortune
Rolling Stone
The National Observer
The Cincinnati Enquirer
Ms.
Atlantic
Changing Times
TV Guide
Intellectual Digest
Village Voice

. . . and various professional and academic journals.

Thank you. It's *refreshing* more than anything else to read *NEW TIMES*.

Judi Peddersen
Loveland, Ohio
Editor's Note: Thanks. But do you have time for anything else?

"Here's To Life" Joan Baez

The new album from Joan Baez is a collection of traditional and original songs from Mexico, Chile, and Spain. The songs all share a simple wisdom and a passion for life that reflect her cultural heritage. And she sings them entirely in Spanish with a beauty and sincerity that make understanding the language unnecessary.

For everyone, "Here's to Life." New from Joan Baez. On A&M Records.

Gabby Yorty;
Ali-Foreman: night for day;
Mailer's second million

THE WORD

Here, Zaire and everywhere

The wheels of the media campaign on behalf of the latest fight of the century, the Muhammed Ali-George Foreman bout, have hardly even begun spinning, but the promoters are already figuring out how to maximize the gross. The fight, which will be held in late September in the city of Kinshasa—once Leopoldville—the country of Zaire—once the Congo—is being sponsored by a new company, Hemdale Leisure, in conjunction with Video Techniques.

It seems that the best time to hold the fight from a financial point of view is 3:00 a.m. Zaire time—10:00 p.m., E.S.T.—and that is exactly when they will hold it. The only problem seems to be that the fighters themselves are not accustomed to punching people out at that hour of the morning. So what they will do, for the next three months, is regulate their lives so that they function at optimum efficiency in the middle of the night. Their precise regimen has not yet been determined—a crew of doctors is working on it—but it is a safe bet that there will be a lot of talk on the sports pages in the next few months about windows that keep out the sunlight and loyal friends who fighter-sit all night long.

The ABZs of journalism

Katharine Graham is a lady of many parts. Not only is she the publisher of the Washington *Post* and *Newsweek* magazine, but she is also a Beautiful Person in her own right, frequently appearing, say, in the People section of *Newsweek*'s rival—*Time*. The question is—is Kay Graham also a writer and reporter? During the recent Washington *Post* strike, she pretended to be, pushing up her bracelets to type along with her employees in the news room in a desperate attempt to fill the paper with

Muhammed Ali: the Cinderella boxer?

stories.

Ms. Graham wisely stuck to the beat she knows best—society. She wrote two stories for the paper's style section, one, in which she shared the byline, a somewhat thin interview with Nancy Maginnes Kissinger that oddly contained few direct quotes, and the other an overcooked piece on the sister to the Iranian ambassador to the U.S. Take, for example, the lead sentence: "Homa Homayoun, the powerful, political and Pucci-dressed sister of the swinging Iranian Ambassador Ardeshir Zahedi, is. . . ." For powerful, political and Pucci-dressed Ms. Graham, we award an A for effort, a B for the alliteration and a Z for her use of the epithet "swinging."

Cub reporter Katharine Graham

Another million for Mailer?

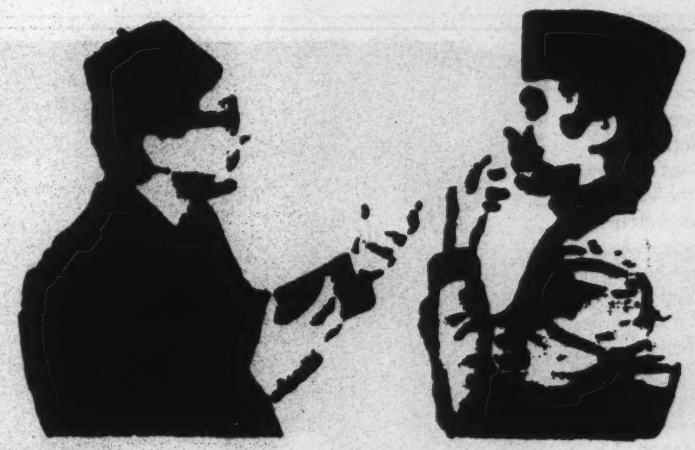
Norman Mailer's aesthetic investigations into Hollywood (*The Deer Park* and *Marilyn*) have been more successful than Hollywood's adaptation of Norman Mailer. Raoul Walsh directed a straightforward and superficial reading of *The Naked and the Dead* in 1958 to little enthusiasm, and in 1966 Stuart Whitman starred in *An American Dream* to critical catcalls. But that isn't stopping Hollywood from tackling Mailer once more.

Sight unseen, Warner Brothers has bought the film rights to Mailer's novel-in-progress, which is to trace the history of one family from prehistoric times through the space age. Although the terms of the deal have not been released, Scott Meredith, Mailer's

Norman Mailer: a lively interest

agent, says that it is "in the same range" as the $1-million advance Little Brown has already promised Mailer.

One added attraction for Mailer was a clause in the contract that returns Warner's control over rights to *The Naked and the Dead* and *An American Dream* to the author. Mailer's agent adds that because of the success of *The Way We Were*, interest in *The Deer Park*, Mailer's far-left romantic study of Hollywood's blacklisting, is also lively.



What do they say about you when they're talking to each other?

For that matter, what do they say about themselves?

"They" meaning the rest of the world: Frenchmen and Englishmen; Russians and Germans and Arabs; Mexicans and Japanese and Swedes. They do, of course, talk about you. Sometimes with admiration. And not infrequently in quite unflattering terms.

Often they're equally critical when they're talking about themselves. But that's for home consumption. And they speak for every shade of opinion on all the other subjects you're interested in as well: politics and social problems; manners and morals; art and books and science and the theater.

We invite you to eavesdrop with us once a month.

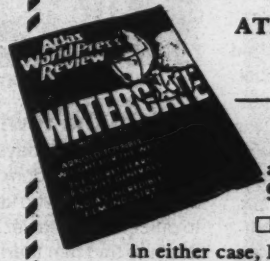
ATLAS WORLD PRESS REVIEW is the thoughtful American's way to listen in on the world. It's fast, first-hand, authentic—and totally fascinating. The voices it brings you are the best-informed and most eloquent that every nation commands: the most influential and most entertaining newspapers and magazines published *everywhere outside the U.S.*

Figaro and *Der Spiegel* and *La Prensa*. . . *Pravda* and *The Economist* and *Al Ahram*. . . *Punch* and *Réalités* and *The Peking Times*. There's no way you could read them all. There's no real reason why you should (not everything they have to say is of genuine interest to you).

But we do read them all (plus more than 1,000 others, published in every major language on earth). We select from each of them the news reports, columns, editorials, commentary, even cartoons that are indeed most pertinent (or perhaps just most amusing). Then we excerpt them, translate them—and place them side-by-side, so that you can see for yourself how a single story changes, depending upon whose ox is gored.

ATLAS isn't for people whose minds are closed to other opinions. But it can be a captivating adventure for those of you who travel abroad, do business abroad, have an ear for "the other side of the story" and a healthy curiosity about people quite different from yourselves.

Try *ATLAS* today. The coupon below will bring it to you at a Special, money-saving Introductory Rate. And from then on, you can look forward to a thought-provoking, stimulating trip around the world each month!



ATLAS WORLD PRESS REVIEW
P.O. BOX 2550 • BOULDER, COLO. 80302

Please enter my subscription to
ATLAS WORLD PRESS REVIEW
at your Special Introductory Rate—
9 monthly issues for just $8.00

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

In either case, I understand that I am free to cancel at any time during my subscription and will receive a full refund for any copies not yet mailed.

Name _____
please print

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Outside the U.S. and Canada add $3.00 5005

Super porn

Cult hero Russ Meyer is back in business again—back to directing the soft-core porn films for which he is famous (*The Immortal Mr. Teas, Cherry, Harry and Raquel, Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*), and back together with his wife and foremost leading lady, Edy Williams. Meyer, whose films have been honored at Yale University and New York's Museum of Modern Art as well as at the nation's box offices, has been in eclipse for a few years—during which he separated from his wife and made two bombs, a thriller (*The Seven Minutes*) and a black exploitation picture (*Black Snake*). Now Meyer fans will be glad to learn that he has finished shooting *Super Vixens* (a sequel to *Vixen*, with seven vixens instead of one) and is going into pre-production on *Up the Valley of the Beyond*. Which presumably will be followed by *Up the Valley of the Super Vixens*.

Elton John as Pinball Wizard

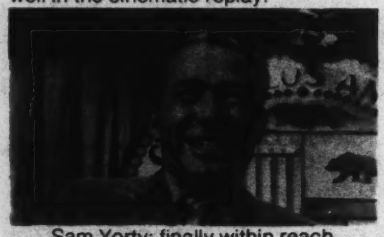
Animal Crackers still fresh

When the Committee for the Re-release of *Animal Crackers* (CRAC) was born on the UCLA campus earlier this year, its demands seemed strictly quixotic. *Animal Crackers*, the Marx Brothers' second movie, had not been seen in years. Although MCA Universal had bought the film in 1959 as part of a package of early Paramount films, it had never been released because its initial copyright had expired in 1956. Fifteen years of desultory negotiations with the various artists and estates who have an interest in the film finally got down to business last year when Groucho Marx, in sold-out concerts in New York and Los Angeles, proved that interest in the Marx Brothers was on the rise. Since then, CRAC has become a national movement, and Universal has finally announced that *Animal Crackers* will have its world re-premiere in Los Angeles on May 23 with Gummo, 81, Zeppo, 71, and Groucho, 84, in attendance.

Edy Williams: back into the Valley?

Who's who

The Who's celebrated rock opera, *Tommy*—already the basis for a best-selling album of the late '60s and a ballet—will soon become a film, starring Ann-Margret as mother Nora, Elton John as Pinball Wizard, Eric Clapton as the Preacher, Tina Turner as the Acid Queen and The Who's Robert Daltrey in the title role. The rather odd choice for director is none other than England's Ken Russell, whose bone-crunching epic *The Devils* made more than a few stomachs heave on both sides of the Atlantic a few years back. Given Russell's predilection for graphic, gross-out disembowelments on screen, it won't be a surprise if hero Tommy, the deaf, dumb and blind pinball player, loses an arm and leg as well in the cinematic replay.



Sam Yorty: finally within reach

Talk of the town

Sam Yorty, in his days as mayor of Los Angeles, was seldom around—least of all to the voters who kept reelecting him to office. It was easier for the citizens of Israel to find him than for Los Angelenos. Now, however, Sam is as close to home as the radio dial. As a broadcaster for KGBS, he has been shedding the few remnants of moderation with which he used to cover himself to assure election. He openly yearns for the good old Un-American Activities Subcommittee, which he believes has been emasculated in its new incarnation (new name: Internal Security Committee). "I believe we have a right to know what the subversives on the left and right are doing," he says. As for Archibald Cox, Yorty believes Cox should have been fired because he was "a stooge for left-wing liberals." And the House committee on impeachment? "It's a kangaroo court." Apparently, listeners eat it up. As one wrote in, "It's good to finally hear someone talk American."

Raisin' d'être?

The most awkward moment in the dismal nationally telecast Tony Awards ceremony a couple of weeks back came about three hours into the broadcast when Robert Nemiroff, the producer of best musical *Raisin*, bounded onstage to accept the award. Apparently overcome by the magic of the moment, Nemiroff launched into a marathon address in which he thanked everyone from his parents to his chief investors—with a long aside on life in the Jewish shtetles (communities) of Eastern Europe. By the end, the black-tie audience was applauding derisively at the mention of every new name. Subsequently Alexander Cohen, the producer of the Tony show, told *Variety* that he was considering releasing Nemiroff's speech as an album. Nemiroff, chastened but not about to be outdone, immediately got out the following telegram to Cohen—with copies to each of the 435 Tony voters: "Dear Alex. Sorry I goofed. Your kind offer to release my entirely forgettable remarks as an LP gratefully accepted. Please send copies to my mother, my father, my wife, my agent, the shtetle, etc."

The President's favorite four-letter word;
Zumwalt overruled on Vietnam by Ellsberg?
two stories on the Black Panther bust

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

The Volunteer Army's intramural war

The Volunteer Army in Europe may well be turning into another Vietnam. The Administration and the Pentagon continue to put out statistics that everything is fine, that the number of blacks has stabilized, that the education level is rising, drug abuse dropping. Meanwhile congressmen with good military contacts hear a growing number of tales about officers being shot at, equipment sabotaged, and a rising incidence of crime. It's another one of those situations that isn't getting legislative attention because all eyes are focused on impeachment.

Who is insubordinating whom?

In the late 1960s, disclaiming the Vietnam War was a sure-fire way for a politician or government official to win instant popularity on college campuses. The first to come out of the closet was Daniel Ellsberg. A host of others stampeded out behind him, and now, as late as 1974, there are still a few stragglers making their appearance. The latest case in point is Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, the chief of naval operations who is to retire this June and now presumably has need to make overtures to other bases of support outside the government.

At a recent address before Tufts' Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Zumwalt said he had prepared a report for the Navy in the early 1960s advising that "our national interests would not be served" by becoming militarily involved in Vietnam. According to Zumwalt, his advice was overruled by a superior in the Defense Department—none other than Daniel Ellsberg. Zumwalt said Ellsberg had written his own report recommending that U.S. ground forces be committed to Vietnam.

Zumwalt: out of the closet

Ellsberg, who happened to be speaking nearby in Ashby, Mass., quickly denied the Admiral's remarks. Zumwalt's statement, Ellsberg said, "has no substance whatsoever. His memory must be deceiving him. I did not work for the Pentagon when Zumwalt did. I was working for the Rand Corporation in 1964 and I had no subordinates."

Somebody ought to soap that boy's mouth

It's no secret anymore that Richard Nixon is foul-mouthed in private conversation. Although the transcripts of the White House tapes have been sanitized of many profanities, the actual tapes evidently record an alarming degree of presidential obscenities and ethnic slurs. Among Nixon's favorite expletives are "shit," "Jew boy" and "kike." But Nixon, according to several sources, reserved his worst epithet for Daniel Ellsberg: "c_____g Jew boy." Indeed, one version, passed from inner White House sources to a former presidential candidate, has that very expression on the famous 18½-minute tape gap, which could account for one of the five separate erasures on that particular recording.

Bullish on impeachment

With forecasts of recession and no end to Watergate in sight, the stock market continues to sag, with some analysts predicting the Dow-Jones will fall as low as 550 this year—unless the President resigns. And if that should happen, Wall Street insiders predict the market would be jammed with buy orders and could jump as high as 200 points. There has even been some talk that if Nixon stepped down the New York Stock Exchange would invoke a contingency plan to close the market for two days. A NYSE spokesman denied that such a plan existed, but pointed out that the market's board of governors has the power to suspend trading in all securities "whenever in their opinion such suspension shall be in the public interest."

On the NYSE floor: waiting

Facing facts and refusing to

Charles Colson's law firm, which changed its name to Colson and Shapiro when he came aboard, has changed its name back to Dickstein, Shapiro and Morin. . . . Still on display at the Republican National Committee are photographs of Spiro T. Agnew being sworn in as vice president.

The Black Panther bust

On April 16 the front page of the San Francisco *Chronicle* juxtaposed a police photograph of assorted automatic weapons and ammunition next to headlines about the SLA's bank robbery and the city's Zebra murders. Beneath the photo was a story about the dawn arrest of 14 Black Panther party members at their 29th Street Oakland house.

Remember the Black Panthers? For the most part, they have faded off the front pages as a militant group and have instead turned their energies to working quietly "inside the system," running various candidates for local of-

Dubious Panther arsenal

fices. But this front-page story of the Panther arrests in San Francisco seemed to suggest the party was up to its old tricks. The *Chronicle* played it as a major bust—complete with guns, dangerous drugs, hand grenades and enough other weapons to supply the 101st Airborne.

For those in the Bay Area who follow the several alternative news sources— KPFA-FM, KSAN-FM or the Berkeley *Barb*—the story was, as usual, quite different. The alternative news quoted the police, but also cast doubt on the credibility of the police photo, citing Panther party chairman Bobby Seale's denial that any weapons or contraband were found in the house.

Seale's position seemed to be borne out the next day when all charges against the 14 were dropped. One party spokesman said that charges "were dropped from lack of evidence. If guns were there, and they were illegal, they wouldn't have let anyone out."

The 29th Street house was the precinct headquarters for Seale's 1973 run for mayor of Oakland, as well as headquarters for the party's planned 1975 campaign for city offices. Names and addresses of more than 3,000 precinct workers were kept at the house—and during the raid were confiscated by the police.

The Panther bust has been used by various conspiracy theorists to bolster their latest argument that the SLA has all along been backed by the CIA in an effort to discredit the Left and provide justification for just these kind of unprovoked raids. Such an argument is a bit hard to swallow for the moment, but if police suddenly start busting many other quiescent radical groups of the '60s around the country, it might seem a little more likely.

MEDIA

The story behind the Washington *Post* strike

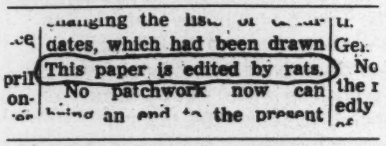
The strike at the Washington *Post* is over, but the animosity generated among members of the *Post* newspaper guild lingers on. Almost from the beginning of the strike the union was split into two warring factions. One faction, made up of the top reporters from the paper's national desk and "style" section, actively opposed the union leadership and—towards the end of the strike—sought to push the guild back to work. The other faction, made up of some reporters, ad salesmen and other non-editorial staff—whose salaries are less—largely supported the leadership.

Relations between the two groups were so strained that some strong rumors circulated during the second week of the strike that a number of top reporters were planning to break the strike if a resolution was not forthcoming. The *Post* management exploited the lack of confidence in the guild leadership by circumventing union negotiators when possible. Management communicated directly with the employees and, on at least one occasion, met with a group of reporters on the strike in direct violation of normal negotiating procedures. In the latter case, the guild leadership has filed in-house charges against reporters Carl Bernstein, Murrey Marder, Bernard Nossiter and Laurence Stern for meeting with executive editor Ben Bradlee and managing editor Howard Simons without guild approval. In a statement denying the charges, the reporters say they attempted to contact the guild leadership about the meeting and failed.

In the end, the leadership's urgings to continue the strike were ignored. As it now stands, the *Post* guild is in worse shape now than it was before the strike.

Editorializing between the lines

During the two weeks the editorial employees at the Washington *Post* were on strike, the newspaper's editors worked overtime putting out the paper.


changing the list of the
dates, which had been drawn
This paper is edited by rats.
No patchwork now can
bring an end to the present
u.
Ger
No
the r
edly

Finally, a settlement was reached and the strike ended—but not before the striking employees, with a little help from a printer, had the last word deep in a tedious story about Israel's Labor party (see above).

HEALTH

That's pushing it

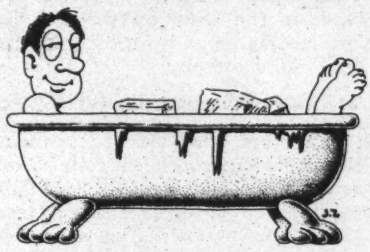
Among drug addicts, "needle freaks" get more hooked on the hypodermic needle than they do on the drug itself—behavior considered bizarre even by other addicts. In the *American Journal of Psychiatry* Dr. David Levine, director of the San Francisco Methadone Treatment Program, tells about one young woman—a registered nurse—who would inject herself repeatedly with ordinary tap water, pushing the needle in slowly to increase the pain.

"On the face of it, the process of injecting a liquid through a needle into the body seems well suited to serve as a symbol for sexual functions," writes Dr. Levine. ". . . Distortion of sexual identification is viewed by some workers as a major element in the psychology of drug addicts. It can be postulated that

disturbances in this realm specifically predispose some individuals to compulsive self-injection as a medium for the expression of and a defense against an unconscious sexual identity conflict."

The cold bath fertility treatment

If you are having trouble fathering a child, try cold baths. In a study comparing 21 men who were infertile because of insufficient sperm with 40 normal, fertile men, Drs. Howard Gabriel III and Nomma Randall at the University of Utah discovered that the



two groups of men had markedly different bathing habits. The sperm-deficient men were much more likely to take baths hot enough to redden the skin. When three of the infertile men went on a two-week regimen of cold baths (30 minutes at 65°F), their sperm counts doubled—and the wife of one of them, after two years of trying, promptly became pregnant.

A catch to the quick weight loss diet

The Doctor's Quick Weight Loss Diet, by Irwin M. Stillman, M.D., has sold more than 5 million copies to people trying to keep their girth down. Dr. Frank Rickman and colleagues at the Harvard Medical School have studied 12 volunteers who followed the Stillman

Dr. Stillman: a questionable diet

diet for periods ranging from 3 to 17 days. An analysis of what these people ate each day showed that 48 percent of their calories came from proteins and 50 percent from fats, and they consumed more than twice as much cholesterol as in the average American diet. Since cholesterol has been related to heart disease, the Harvard physicians tested the blood of the 12 volunteers—and discovered that the cholesterol in their blood serum increased an average of 16.3 percent (from 215 to 248 milligrams per 100 milliliters of blood) while they were on the diet. "One must consider the potential effects of the prolonged or repetitive use of this diet by middle-aged persons who may have coronary artery disease," writes Dr. Rickman in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. "There seems to be very little reason for recommending the Stillman diet."

Getting sick on grass

Marijuana smoking decreases your immunity, researchers at Columbia University's College of Physicians & Surgeons have learned. A team led by Dr. Gabriel Nahas drew blood from 51 people who had smoked marijuana at least once a week for a year, and ran tests on the activity of their lymphocytes—the white cells in the blood responsible for fighting disease. Although usually the older a person is the less effective his immune system is, the Columbia physicians discovered that the marijuana smokers (whose median age was 22) scored "significantly lower" on the tests than did non-pot-smoking controls (whose median age was 44).

Growing up on hormones

There's hope for some of the little people. The National Pituitary Center is distributing "human growth hormone" (HGH) through 20 approved research centers around the country to about one thousand stunted children. Since the only source of the hormone is the human pituitary obtained during autopsies, the growth hormone is scarce and for the moment only distributed for research purposes.

It does work, however. One example is a subject named Arthur at the University of Chicago. At age 9, Arthur was only 39½ inches tall—which is more than 12 inches shorter than the average height for boys that age. Since age 5, he had only grown 1 inch a year; the norm is 2 inches a year. Given HGH, Arthur grew 4½ inches in the last year. He will continue to receive the hormone, the university reports, until he is 60 inches tall or until his bones are incapable of further growth.

The hormone treatment works only for kids who are stunted as a result of growth hormone deficiency. A person who is slightly shorter than others is not necessarily stunted, says Chicago's Dr. Robert L. Rosenfield. Stature, whether tall or short, is generally transmitted genetically.

Sleeping-pill insomnia

Sleeping pills lose their effectiveness when you use them regularly over a long period of time, according to physicians at Penn State's Sleep Research and Treatment Facility. The Penn State doctors compared the sleeping patterns of a group of insomniacs, who had been taking sleeping pills regularly for months or even years, with other insomniacs who took no medication.

"The most striking finding . . . is the poor sleep experienced by the insomniac patients in spite of their

continued use of hypnotic drugs," writes Dr. Anthony Kales. "All of the chronic drug patients had as great or greater difficulty in falling asleep or staying asleep, or both, when compared to the insomniac controls." If you are hooked on sleeping pills, the doctors recommend tapering off gradually, however, rather than stopping abruptly—which can lead to marked withdrawal symptoms, like nightmares.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

THE KENYA PLATE

A salute to those noble beasts that have survived and a tribute to all people dedicated to saving endangered species and wildlife habitat throughout the world.

Like the noble beasts themselves, the art of glassmaking has not changed noticeably since the blowing iron was invented in Babylon 2000 years ago. Potash, sand and lime are heated until molten, then gathered and blown, and worked into a finished form. Some 300 years ago, in England, it was discovered that the addition of lead oxide yielded a very clear and brilliant glass that could be engraved with a copper wheel. It was called crystal, and from it emerged a new art form.

A handful of skilled artisans work as a team, each member carrying out his traditional assignment using tools and methods unchanged in centuries. And although the rest of the team may perform to perfection, one slip at the engraver's wheel dooms an otherwise flawless piece to the melting pot.

The process is so demanding that perfection is rarely attained. While several thousand plates of fine lead crystal may be attempted, only 2500 will meet the standard of perfection deemed necessary to qualify for a serial number in The Kenya Plate edition.

The first two plates have been presented to H.R.H. Prince of the Netherlands and Jomo Kenyatta, President of Kenya. The last is reserved for the permanent archives of the World Wildlife Fund. Orders for the remaining 2,497 will be filled sequentially as received. Because the exacting hand production is limited to 100 plates per month, only one plate will be permitted each individual subscriber.

The Struggle To Survive

The survival of animals, birds, and their supporting habitat is no longer a fair contest with the traditional forces of nature. "Few literate people can be unaware today of the galloping destruction, degradation, and pollution of the natural environment which are proceeding apace all around us." This view of Prince Bernhard, who is also President of the World Wildlife Fund, is shared by the entire organization and, as a result, it is imbued with a sense of quiet urgency.

Time is running out.

Survival is becoming more and more the hard-won result of prompt, deliberate action—even in the lush vastness of Kenya, home of many of the great and noble beasts of Africa. There, the World Wildlife Fund is supporting the country's own conservation efforts within the Nairobi National Park, Motomo Plant Sanctuary, Lake Nakuru, the Baharini Sanctuary, and marine parks on Kenya's coast.

Gone Forever

In the United States alone there are currently 97 species the Congressional Record lists as "endangered," while 47 others are entirely extinct. Among them are:

Plains wolf	Labrador duck
Sea mink	Great auk
Eastern cougar	Passenger pigeon
Badlands bighorn	Carolina parakeet
Eastern elk	San Gorgonio trout

Kenya As An Example

Kenya is but one of 80 countries in which the World Wildlife Fund is making significant headway against life-destroying forces. In its 12 years of existence, the Fund has channeled $9 million into 762 key conservation projects. Among them are the international program for conservation of marine turtles through the safeguarding of breeding beaches; protection and habitat management for the Javan rhinoceros; the rescue of the endangered Arabian oryx; strong action to reduce pressure on the tiger, leopard, cheetah and other spotted cats threatened with extinction by fashion trends.

The Web Of Life

If the world becomes unsuitable for animals, mankind may follow them into extinction. Such is the texture of life on our blue planet. Every living thing depends on every other living thing. The problem of conservation of wildlife frequently becomes a question of saving their habitat. *Our* habitat.

Thus, the World Wildlife Fund has helped establish the Guadiamar and the Coto Donana reserves in Southern Spain, which offer some of the finest spectacles of wild nature in Europe; the Marchauen/Marchegg Reserve in Austria with the only remnants of gallery forest in western Europe; sanctuaries in Pakistan, Jordan, Australia, Peru, Tanganyika; and the New Jersey wetlands in the United States, breeding and feeding grounds for fish, shellfish, land and shore birds.

An Investment In One's Self

When you purchase the magnificent Kenya Plate, you automatically become an Associate of the World Wildlife Fund, a non-profit, tax-exempt organization. A cash contribution to the Fund will be made in your name, and your name will be inscribed in a special bound volume, to be placed in the permanent archives of the World Wildlife Fund. You will receive semi-annual progress reports on how contributions are being spent and what the results are. Please note: there are no frills to the World Wildlife Fund. You will not receive expensive magazines or elaborate publications. Instead, your contribution goes into priority action programs "to re-establish an unbroken link with nature and with life." *Your* life.

The price of The Kenya Plate is $250. Of course, if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase, you may return it within 30 days for a full and unquestioned refund.

Prospect Of Appreciation

While the purpose in creating The Kenya Plate as an art object is to pay tribute to the extraordinary work and results of the World Wildlife Fund, there are those who will recognize it as an investment as well. There is, of course, no guarantee of appreciation, but it is interesting to note that certain other limited editions of true artistic merit have substantially increased in value in a short time. A Gunther Granget edition of porcelain "Dolphins" closed in 1970 at $750 each. The current price is $2,000. Boehm's "The Tern," first issued in 1968 for $1,400, is now quoted at $6,000. And the famous Dorothy Doughty "Bobtail Quails" brought out in 1940 at $275 the pair, recently brought $22,000 at auction.

THE KENYA PLATE is Bavarian lead crystal, mouth-blown and hand-engraved, 11¼" in diameter. The animals depicted are: sable antelope, African elephant, giraffe, African buffalo, black rhinoceros, African lion. Limited to 2500 of which 100 will be produced each month.

The Kenya Company
c/o WORLD WILDLIFE FUND
910 Seventeenth Street N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006

Gentlemen: I wish to purchase The Kenya Plate. It will be serially numbered in the crystal and my plate will be the lowest number of those remaining on the date my order is received. It will be sent to me with a Warrant of Authenticity.

I understand that this purchase also provides me with all the rights and privileges of membership as an Associate of the World Wildlife Fund.

The price is $250, including insurance, handling, and shipping charges. I understand that if I am not satisfied with my purchase, I may return it within 30 days for a full, unquestioned refund.

Enclosed is my ☐ check; Suite 626
☐ money order made payable to:
The Kenya Company.

Please charge my:
☐ BankAmericard; ☐ Master Charge

*Acct. #*_____ *Expires*_____

*Signature*_____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *Zip*_____

The ten dumbest congressmen

By Nina Totenberg

Representative Frank Annunzio was elated. His bill to roll back meat prices to 1972 levels had just passed the House Banking and Currency Committee. "This is a victory for the people," Annunzio boomed in a voice tinged by years of exposure to the barrooms and brawling of Chicago's west side. Annunzio's victory quote appeared the next day in *The Wall Street Journal,* courtesy of reporter Al Hunt. But the banking committee quickly saw the error of its ways and voted to rescind the price rollback. A disappointed Annunzio turned to Hunt and asked, "Are you gonna quote me today?"

"What can I say?" responded the reporter.

"You can quote me as saying the people got fucked," said Annunzio.

"Congressman, I can't do that," Hunt protested. "I work for a family newspaper."

"Alright then," said the determined Annunzio, "you can say the family got fucked."

Representative Frank Annunzio is quite a character. Uncouth? Yes. Vulgar? Sometimes. Stupid? No. Webster's dictionary defines dumb as "stupid . . . slow of mind, obtuse, unthinking, irrational, lacking intelligence or reason . . . thickheaded." That definition seems to fit enough members of Congress that it is hard to pick the dumbest. Then, too, there are different kinds of dumb. A woman like Representative Bella Abzug of New York has plenty of brainpower, but she is politically dumb when it comes to accomplishing anything in the House of Representatives; her super-aggressive, uncompromising and sometimes tactless manner alienates members who might otherwise go along with her.

Conversely, there are the good ol' boys who sound like empty-headed hicks but are as shrewd as can be. When Representative Joe Waggoner of Louisiana or Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia maps out a strategy against you, you are in trouble. During the confirmation hearings of L. Patrick Gray for the directorship of the FBI, the toughest and most brilliant questioning came from Senator Byrd. His questions were the ones that elicited the most damaging replies—replies that led eventually to the withdrawal of the Gray nomination.

"Sage" is not the word for all of the men who will sit in judgment of Richard Nixon. Some of them are downright "stupid . . . slow of mind . . . obtuse . . . thickheaded"

Indeed, there are dozens and dozens of able, hard-working and very smart men and women in Congress—many more than there used to be. The reason is that the pension law has changed in recent years and congressmen can get much more money now by retiring than they used to. The result is that many members—as they get older and lazier—retire. The new members, elected by a more educated, more equally apportioned and perhaps better informed population, are frequently a different breed of politician than the congressmen they replace.

Still, dumbness is hardly underrepresented in Congress. To determine who are the ten dumbest members of Congress, NEW TIMES polled more than 200 congressmen, journalists, congressional staffers and lobbyists. The list that emerged contains several nonentities, a lot of perfectly nice and decent men and at least two truly malevolent—or crazy—members of Congress.

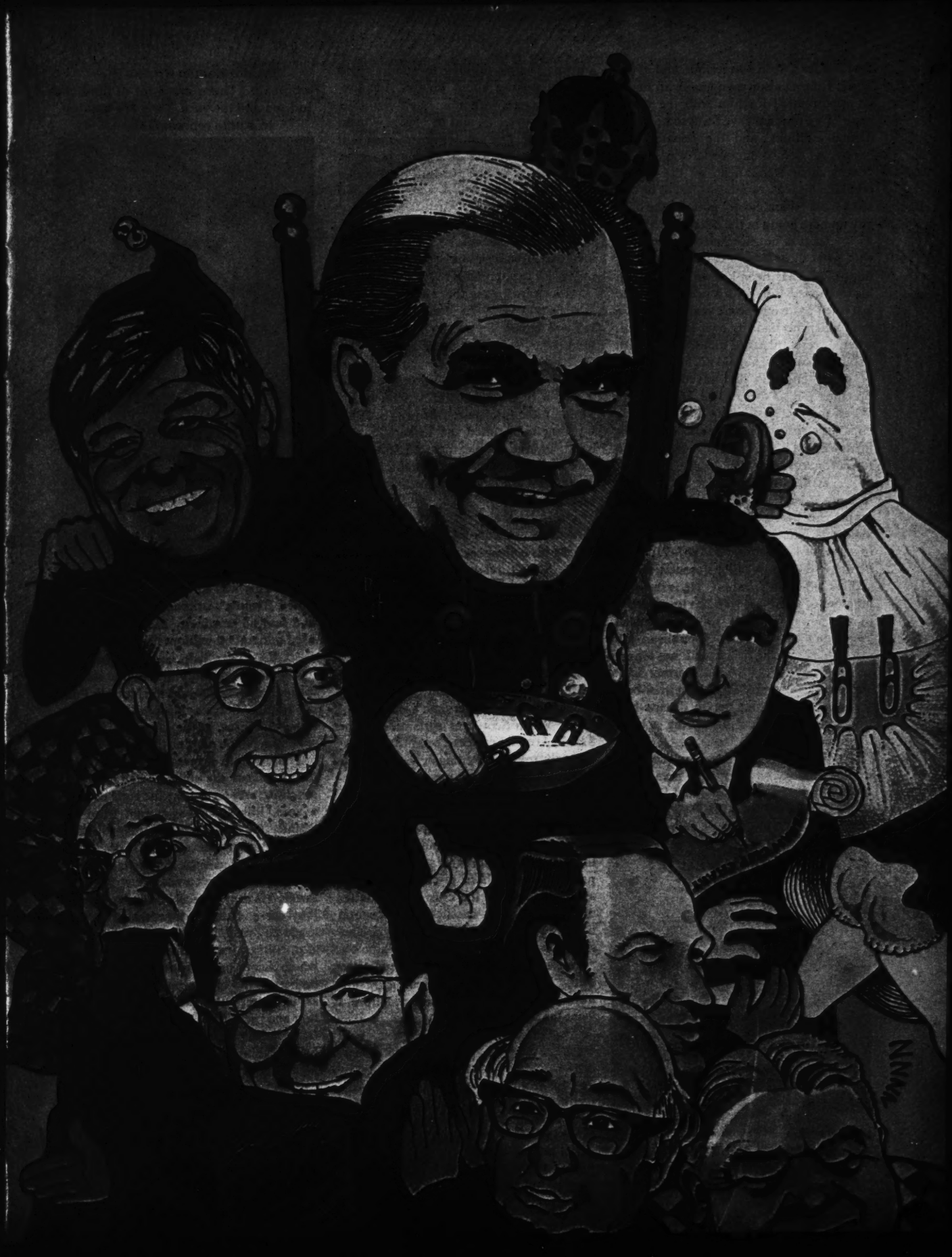
So here, direct from our news room in Washington, D.C., is the NEW TIMES' list of the ten dumbest members of Congress.

King of Dumb: Dread Scott

From the state that brought you Jefferson, Madison and Washington comes Senator William L. Scott, unanimous choice for the King of Dumb. Every single person interviewed by NEW TIMES immediately named Republican Scott as the number one choice for dumbest of the dumb. When a national magazine called the White House on election night, 1972, for comment on the news of Scott's Virginia victory, the White House congressional liaison reacted with the words, "Oh, no!"

The White House knew what it was getting. Recently, Scott walked up to Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott (no relation) and informed him he was going to resign from the Senate. After a moment of amazed silence, the Republican leader asked why. What point is there to being a senator, and a Nixon loyalist to boot, Scott answered, if you can't even get in to see

The King of Dumb and His Court: (read clockwise) Senator Bill Scott (R.-Va.), center, indulges his passion for saving pennies while Joe Vigorito (D.-Pa.) keeps the books. The working clothes of John Rarick (D.-La.), above right, serve as a clothesline. Floyd Spence (R.-S.C.), below Vigorito, has more important things on his mind. Harold Donohue (D.-Mass.), lower right, has absolutely nothing on his mind. Joe Maraziti (R.-N.J.), in the glasses to the left of Donohue, lends a helping hand to God-fearing Earl Landgrebe (R.-Ind.). Senator Roman Hruska (R.-Neb.), to Landgrebe's left, is concerned but unable to comment. Meanwhile, playful Harold Runnels (D-N.M.) pulls a clever prank on smiling Bill Barrett (D.-Pa.)



the President. Scott was serious, and so the White House liaison men finally arranged an appointment for him with the President. The President gave Scott some presidential cufflinks, and the Senator was happy. As one congressional wag put it: "Every other Republican on the Hill is breaking his legs, running as fast as he can away from Nixon. Scott's gotta be the only guy up here going in the other direction."

Scott is not normally preoccupied with what most people consider "the big things." He has been known to cut open his toothpaste tube with a razor to get the last bit of paste out. Some years ago, in the days when he had his own law practice, when a secretary asked him for petty cash to buy paper clips, he said no, he had a bag of paper clips he had saved from his previous job at the Justice Department. When the secretary complained that the clips were rusty and left marks on letters, Scott washed them, spreading them out on towels on top of his desk to dry.

Scott is notorious for his inability to keep a staff. In the last year, for example, he has had three administrative assistants, and there have been 14 changes in a staff of 19. In the years 1967–71, when he was in the House of Representatives, 44 staffers left Scott's employ. He is the only member of Congress who has to advertise in the newspapers for staff, the reason being that the informal Republican job centers on Capitol Hill will no longer place people in Scott's office. Former Scott staffers so uniformly dislike their ex-boss that they gather together to discuss him and sometimes think of writing a book about him.

The Richmond *Mercury* quotes an ex-Scott aide as saying: "The man is the most morally corrupt individual I've ever known. There's nothing to admire. And I'm not talking about politics. Ideologically, I agree with him. He's irascible, uncooperative . . . and he chases women in the office. I've got nothing against that but this guy does it in such a perverse, devious way. And he pretends to be such a pious straight-arrow. A man like that needs a psychiatrist."

Senator William L. Scott (R.—Virginia): "The only reason we need zip codes is because niggers can't read.

Says a former professional staffer: "He's not only dumb, he's a vicious, malevolent bastard. Why he fired one girl for being sick two days in a row. And when he was interviewing another girl for a job, he asked her her religion. When she told him she was Jewish, he said, "Oh, I've got too many of them here now to hire you."

According to the Richmond *Mercury,* "the most embarrassing public manifestation of ill will towards Scott was a $100-a-plate fund-raiser thrown (in 1971) by something called the Friends of Bill Scott. Twelve people, including Scott, his wife and administrative assistant, showed up at the Washington banquet hall for the affair."

Indeed, Scott is such an object of distasteful ridicule that he is known among his colleagues as "Dread Scott."

Scott's relations with the press couldn't be worse. He once had a reporter thrown out of a press conference for "not taking enough notes." Reporters who cover him delight in discovering new dumbness every day. Ignorance is a Scott forte. *The Washingtonian* quoted him as saying, "The only reason we need zip codes is because niggers can't read."

When Scott was appointed to the Senate Armed Services Committee, he reportedly told the Pentagon he wanted a briefing before every meeting. Ever accommodating, the brass showed up 1½ hours before the next meeting prepared to give a full briefing. Scott kept the generals waiting for over an hour and then ushered them in. Left with only 15 minutes to present their 1½ hour briefing, the generals decided to hit the crux of the matter under discussion—missiles. One general began by noting that the "principal Russian silos are in . . ." Scott cut him off. "Wait a minute," the Senator reportedly said, "I'm not on the Agriculture Committee. I'm not interested in agriculture. I want the military stuff."

On another occasion—this time during a Public Works Committee hearing—Scott again goofed outrageously. The new Environmental Protection Agency director, Russell Train, was testifying about the scientifically proven health hazard caused by oil spills. Oil in the water, Train noted, would work its way into the marine food chain and eventually end up on human dinner plates.

Senator Roman Hruska (R.—Nebraska: "There are a lot of mediocre judges and lawyers. They are entitled to a little representation."

This was too much for Scott. He called Train's testimony "scare tactics" and said he personally knew people who used mineral oil without harmful effect.

Last year Scott combined intellectual and political stupidity in one incredible gaffe. The issue was the Norfolk Public Health Service Hospital, the most important issue in the largest city in his state; the Nixon administration was trying to phase out the hospital and seven others like it across the nation. Congress was rebelling, and on the day the issue came to a vote, Bill Scott was absent from the Senate. Guess where he was. Norfolk, visiting military bases.

Cornered in Norfolk by a reporter, Scott said, "I don't even know what the Public Health Service hospitals do, who they serve. I don't know this. I haven't made any study of it."

Of course a letter quickly surfaced which Scott had written several weeks earlier to one of his constituents. In it he assured her he was studying the PHS question and included a letter he had received from HEW about the matter. The PHS hospitals serve all civil service employees, members of the Coast Guard and Navy and their dependents. In Norfolk, that's just about everybody.

Scott managed to screw up on the Watergate affair, too. When the 18½-minute gap was disclosed, Scott said if he'd been the President, he would have burned all the tapes long before. Asked by a

NEW TIMES

A little honesty $6.00

4030

☐ Yes, I want to be a Charter Subscriber to NEW TIMES. Start my subscription and send me 26 issues for only $6 — half the regular subscription rate of $12. I understand I will receive the lowest possible prices on renewals and gifts, and that I may cancel at any time, receiving a full refund on any unmailed issues.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 980
BOULDER, CO.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NEW TIMES
P.O. BOX 2948
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

Washington *Post* reporter what the highlight of his first year in the Senate was, Scott thought for a moment and replied, "Being sworn in was perhaps the highlight of the year."

Others apparently agree. Senate staffers, according to a poll conducted by a Ralph Nader group, rated Scott the "least bright" member of the U.S. Senate.

He is more than that. He is the reigning, undisputed, unchallenged King of Dumb.

The Dumbest Roman of Them All

There are senators dumber than Roman Hruska of Nebraska, but none are as headline-making dumb as the senior senator from Nebraska. He has an acute case of foot-in-mouth disease, perhaps owing to the fact that he fancies himself another Everett Dirksen but isn't.

His most famous, or infamous, statement came during the Senate confirmation fight over the nomination to the U.S. Supreme Court of G. Harrold Carswell. Hruska, the ranking Republican on the Senate Judiciary Committee, was the leader of the Administration's pro-Carswell forces. But with friends like Hruska. . . . There was poor ol' Harrold Carswell, accused by his detractors of being mediocre, his legal qualifications called into question. And there was his chief defender, Roman Hruska, grandiosely proclaiming into a reporter's microphone that "there are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers. They are entitled to a little representation. . . ." Many senators and their aides think that one statement by Hruska turned the tide against Carswell.

During the ITT hearings, Hruska was at it again, proclaiming that there was nothing wrong with ITT's giving up to $400,000 to the GOP convention, that, after all, "everybody knows" conventions are bought and sold every day. Hruska's performance during the ITT hearings was a comedy of errors. First he took issue with columnist Jack Anderson's assertion that it was illegal, under federal law, for a corporation like ITT to contribute money to a political convention. To prove his point, Hruska produced a letter from the Justice Department to a private attorney, answering the attorney's query about the legality of such contributions. The Justice Department letter, signed by the chief of the fraud section, assured the attorney that his clients would be within the law in making such contributions.

Hruska was very proud of himself. But not for long. The Democrats on the committee quickly noticed what Hruska had overlooked: the private attorney was a Mr. Frank DeMarco, of the firm of

Representative Harold D. Donohue (D.—Massachusetts): "You're almost dealing with a political neuter when you're dealing with Donohue," says a New England congressman. "There's just nothing there."

Kalmbach, DeMarco, Knapp and Chillingworth. DeMarco has achieved notoriety in recent months as President Nixon's tax lawyer, and Mr. Kalmbach has pleaded guilty to charges in connection with the Watergate case. Back in 1972, they were less well known—but not totally unknown to the Judiciary Committee Democrats.

After Hruska so proudly introduced the Justice Department letter to DeMarco, Senator Edward M. Kennedy introduced into the record a newspaper article noting Kalmbach's connection with DeMarco.

Then, to rub it in, Senator John Tunney of California read into the record from the 1972 edition of *Martindale, Hubbel*, the legal directory. The directory identified the Kalmbach-DeMarco firm as representing the Richard Nixon Foundation and the Maurice Stans Foundation, among other clients.

By this point, the hearing room echoed with sneering laughter. Hruska not only had failed to prove his point, he had given the Administration a black eye in the process.

The fact is, Hruska has an uncanny capacity for embarrassing himself. In 1970 he damn near lost his reelection bid by sheer stupidity. What almost did him in was his part ownership in a chain of dirty movie theaters. Jack Anderson broke the story of how the pious Hruska, sponsor of many anti-smut bills in Congress, was in fact part owner in a theater chain that featured such skin flicks as *Girl on a Chain Gang, White Slave Ship* and *The Wild and the Willing*; and such violence glorifiers as *Blood-O-Rama*, a quadruple feature in "Blood-Chilling Color."

As a cruncher, Anderson charged that Hruska, the great purveyer of anti-porno legislation in the U.S. Congress, was using his influence in the "back

Representative Joseph Vigorito (D.—Pennsylvania): "Even in high school I dreamed of being a congressman— how nice it would be. I never thought of any other political office, not even the presidency, because of course you don't go from being nothing to being president."

rooms" of the Nebraska legislature to block anti-smut bills that would have hurt his theaters' business.

Hruska continues to goof it up all the time. Recently in hearings on no-fault auto insurance, he read into the record the opinion of a lawyer he admiringly referred to as "free, white and 21."

That's why Hruska's colleagues call him "the dumbest Roman of them all."

Donohue, the House Dick

Democrat Harold D. Donohue of Massachusetts has been in the U.S. House of Representatives for 27 years, and he hasn't done a thing. He almost never says anything. In fact, it was once a campaign issue against him that he had inserted remarks into the *Congressional Record* without actually speaking.

"You're almost dealing with a political neuter when you're dealing with Donohue," says a New England congressman. "There's just nothing there."

The old pros in the House press gallery not only don't remember Donohue saying anything significant, they don't remember him saying anything at all.

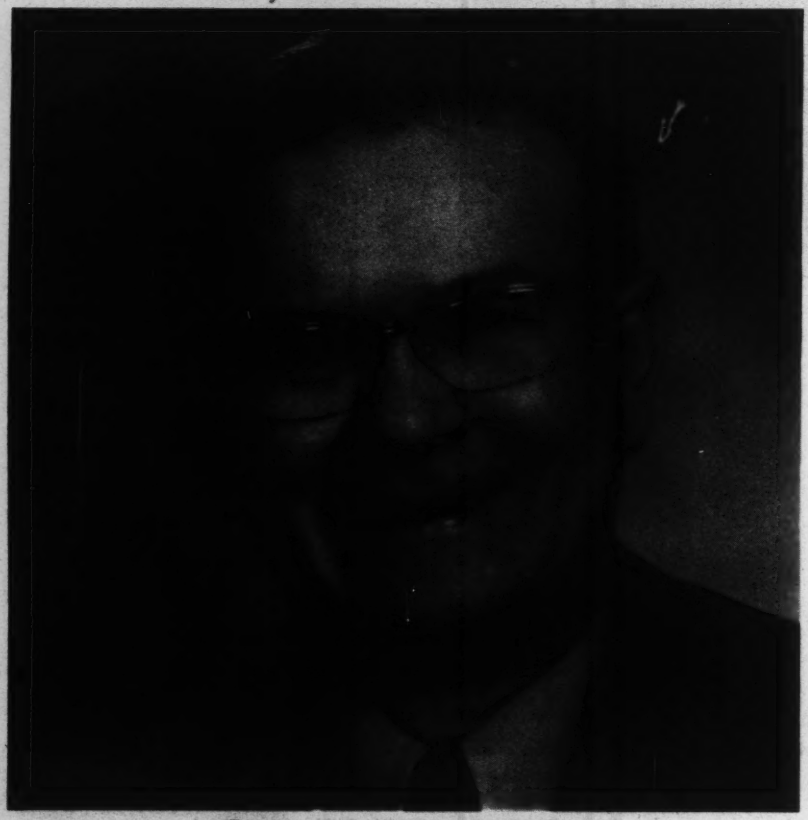
Donohue is second-ranking Democrat on the House Judiciary Committee

Representative Floyd Spence (R.—South Carolina): "I can't think of anything I myself have thought up and written that is all that important."

and, as one congressman put it, "If Chairman Rodino drops dead, the republic comes to an end."

Donohue is a truly pathetic figure: a 73-year-old bachelor who lives by himself in a hotel and goes home on the weekends. Even in the House dining room he eats alone. He is most famous for his sleeping habits. He actually sleeps—deeply—on the floor of the House. His best friend used to be Phil Philbin, another Massachusetts congressman, and they would sleep on each other's shoulders. When Father Robert Drinan took on Philbin in a primary, *The Wall Street Journal* wrote up Philbin's sleeping habits. The next day Donohue appeared on the House floor, took his seat, whipped out a notebook and started taking notes furiously—either to prove he wasn't asleep or to keep from falling asleep. Nobody knows. When Drinan defeated Philbin, Donohue chose the shoulder of Louise Day Hicks to sleep on. But now she is gone, too.

Now Donohue sits there alone, his arms folded across his paunch, his head nodding. Colleagues say he looks like "the House dick" in the old movies, and that's what they call him.



Representative Earl Landgrebe (R.—Indiana): In 1972 Representative Landgrebe was arrested in Moscow for passing out Bibles in the street.

Jumping Joe

Pennsylvania's Joseph Vigorito seems to be a very nice little man who has fulfilled his dream of becoming a congressman. *The Washingtonian* magazine listed him as one of the 12 most outstanding nonentities in Congress in 1972.

Vigorito is living proof that college professors need not be smart. A certified public accountant, he taught economics at the Erie branch of Pennsylvania State University before coming to Congress. Mercifully, he has few pretentions. "Even in high school," he said in a recent interview, "I dreamed of being a congressman—how nice it would be. I never thought of any other political office, not even the presidency, because, of course, you don't go from being nothing to being president." In 1964 Vigorito, a Democrat, ran and won by a narrow 50.6 percent of the vote in a usually Republican district. Since then he has steadily increased his margin of victory: in 1969 he won by 69.3 percent while Richard Nixon was carrying the same district by 62 percent of the vote.

Asked what his primary concern in the House is, Vigorito said firmly, "Voting. It's amazing how many people lose sight of that. In my first nine years in Congress we had 2,500 reported votes. That's about 10,000 votes, including unrecorded ones. That's a lot of votes."

Recently Vigorito was active in the passage of the Alaska Pipeline Bill. He said he became a proponent of the pipeline after a visit to Alaska in 1971. He was particularly impressed then by the new breeds of grasses that had been developed to grow over the pipeline areas.

1971 was the year Vigorito discovered Alaska. That year he also introduced a bill to reduce by three-fourths the land provided for Alaskan natives. "They don't

need all that land," he said. "Big business would just steal it away from them. If they want to hunt and fish, they can do it on government land."

When his bill came to the floor, as usual he was jumping up and down for it. Hence his nickname—"Jumping Joe Vigorito."

The Kissing Congressman

"Is Floyd Spence dumb?" the reporter asked a congressional staffer who knows Spence well. "Floyd Spence!" screamed the staffer. "He's the dumbest shit God ever put on this earth. All he cares about is getting laid."

That seems to be the consensus. Everybody likes the South Carolina Republican but nobody takes him seriously, and everybody refers to him, with a wink, as a "ladies' man."

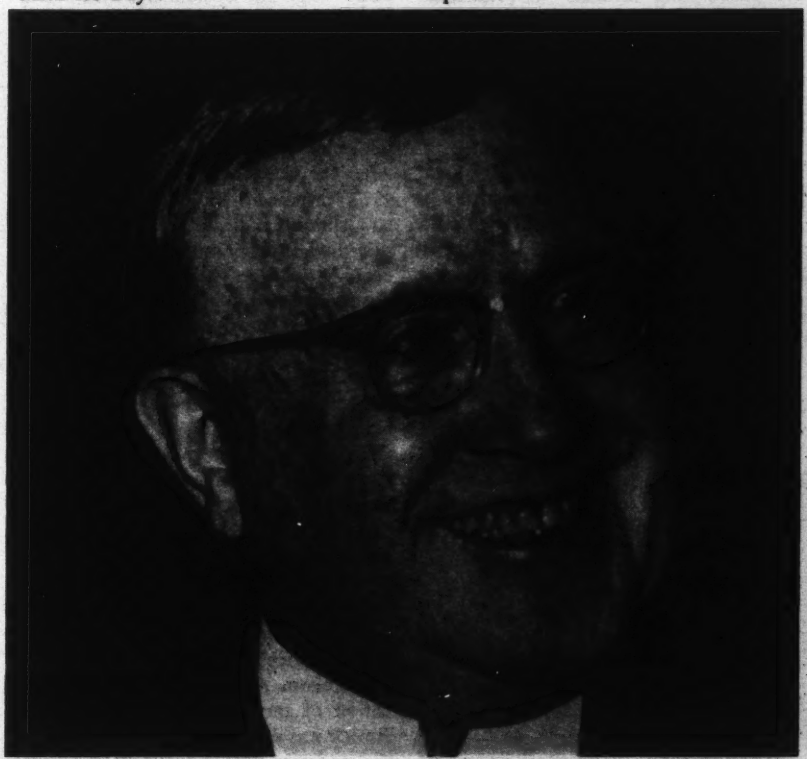
Joked one House staffer: "Spence once wrote a Dear Colleague letter to his fellow members, and we all knew he hadn't written it because it was coherent." Reporters who cover Spence agree that the Congressman's main object in life is to be well liked. And he is so warm, friendly and outgoing that he is known on the Hill as "Mr. Nice Guy."

Nothing upsets him more than to be called a name. One reporter recalls how upset Spence was when he read that a women's rights activist had called him a male chauvinist pig. As it turns out, Spence didn't know what the phrase meant: he had to ask friends. But he knew the reference was unflattering, and that made him very unhappy.

At a Washington social function earlier this year, Spence was spotted by a Washington *Post* reporter kissing all the ladies. The next day, in her column, the reporter dubbed Spence "the kissing congressman." That embarrassed Spence, and he went around telling everybody that the women at the party were all middle-aged and hadn't been kissed in years, and that he had just been trying to make them feel better.

Our House colleagues say that the first thing Spence asks any male friend is to come up to his office and "meet my girls." Remarks Spence's colleague, "He has a stunning staff."

Spence doesn't view himself as a legislative architect. He told the Nader project: "I can't think of anything I myself have thought up and written that is all that important."



Representative William A. Barrett (D.—Pennsylvania): One congressional staffer says, "His knowledge of legislation only goes as far as how many patronage jobs it will produce in Philadelphia."

The Exorcist

Earl Landgrebe, the right-wing congressman from Indiana, is always finding devils and exorcizing them. In 1972 he was arrested in Moscow for passing out Bibles on the street. In 1967 the Indianapolis *Star*, hardly a bastion of liberalism, rated Landgrebe the state's worst legislator.

The Indiana Republican is a fiery opponent of all federal aid to education. He asserts that the federal government, in return for its money, forces local school districts to teach sex education, sponsors abortions and promotes "psycho-social" programs. "The humanism being propagated in our public schools is worse than atheism," Landgrebe declared last month. "It's on a par with witchcraft."

"There's nothing in the Constitution that says you have to have a high I.Q. to be in Congress, and Earl Landgrebe is the perfect example," remarks one Capitol Hill observer.

Many Landgrebe supporters thought that recent articles reporting his opposition to education aid were aimed at discrediting him, but Landgrebe thought the reports were wonderful, according to the reporter who wrote them.

Landgrebe is constantly introducing bills and getting ruled out of order. He has been in Congress five years, yet only recently did he realize that one of the functions of the House parliamentarian is to advise members on the proper form for bills so that they won't get ruled out of order. It is said that when Landgrebe was in the Indiana General Assembly, he once voted "no" on a quorum call.

Landgrebe is an adoring supporter of President Nixon; he voted against extending the life of the Watergate grand jury, and he was one of four House members to vote against subpoena powers for the House Judiciary Committee in the impeachment inquiry. Recently Landgrebe, in a speech on the House floor, declared: "I have stood by while a large segment of government has preoccupied itself with repetitious attacks on our President—special grand juries, special Senate and House committees—delving into almost every aspect of our President's life, personal and impersonal, pertinent and impertinent."

The Rug

William A. Barrett was chosen in 1959 by the Americans for Democratic Action as the nation's top liberal congressman, which proves the ADA is pretty dumb, too.

Barrett is a machine politician from Philadelphia, the second-ranking Democrat on the House Banking and Currency Committee, behind only the aging

Wright Patman. Says one house staffer: "I'm pulling my money out of the banks if Barrett gets the chairmanship."

Indeed, most Barrett observers agree he "hasn't got any legislative smarts at all." As one staffer puts it, "His knowledge of legislation only goes as far as how many patronage jobs it will produce for him in Philadelphia."

Barrett's biggest idiosyncrasies revolve around his appearance and the appearance of others. A short, fat little man, Barrett wears a bright carrot-colored toupee. It is so obvious that it looks as if someone painted it on. Some reporters who cover him claim he has three different toupees. One for Mondays and Tuesdays. Another, slightly longer one for Wednesdays and Thursdays. And a third, much longer one for Fridays. The idea of the toupee trio apparently is to look as though his hair is growing all week. Barrett also refuses to disclose his age. All publications list his birth date at around 1900.

Barrett loves to tell witnesses testifying before him how good-looking they are. Once he told Paul McCracken of the Council of Economic Advisors that he was not only one of the best witnesses he had ever heard but also one of the handsomest. On another occasion Barrett cornered a balding TV reporter to tell him what "a fine looking boy you are." Then Barrett said to the reporter, "Have you ever considered a hair piece?"

The Racist

Probably the dumbest thing Democratic Representative John Rarick of Louisiana ever did was denounce "Shriver's Peace Corps" on the House floor in 1967. Rarick accused the corps of paying the expenses of "vacationing idealists" in Tanzania who "brawled in bars and clubs and appeared in short shorts and tight trousers, growing long beards." With his diatribe, Rarick inserted into the *Congressional Record* a clipping with nasty comments about the Peace Corps from a member of the Tanzanian National Assembly, J. Katsube. "Little wonder we are losing friends in Africa," declared Rarick. But the Louisiana Congressman had failed to check his facts. J. Katsube was the leading Communist in the Tanzanian Parliament and was bent on undermining U.S. prestige. Katsube was sore because the Peace Corps was doing such a good job of winning Tanzania away from a pro-Communist status.

Representative Harold Runnels (D.—New Mexico): He bought confidential material from Pentagon sources so that he could ask better questions at Armed Services Committee hearings.

Rarick likes to insert articles in the *Congressional Record.* One article he inserted contends that the anti-smoking campaign is part of a liberal conspiracy to ruin the economy of the South. Another Rarick insertion claims that *Sesame Street,* the Public Broadcasting program for children, is part of a Communist conspiracy. The article noted that "the Communist revolutionary expression 'right on' is frequently chanted on this program by both students and teachers; *Sesame Street* is dangerous to the physical well-being of children" because on one program "it was stated that people on Mars stuff cookies in their ears"; the program is "subversive and contrary to our Christian heritage and traditions; the program promotes race mixing," and "race mixing is genocide to the white race."

Rarick sees the State Department as full of "pinks, punks and fellow travelers." Diplomacy, says Rarick, is just another word for socializing with "comrats." He ranted and raved on the House floor once after a photo of the Secretary of State toasting the Soviet ambassador to the U.S. appeared in the Washington *Post.* "How coldly cruel and inhuman have our unelected rulers become," intoned Rarick. After the U.S.-Soviet summit meeting in 1972, Rarick said: "Reports from the Moscow summit indicate successful negotiation toward cooperation in such areas as ecology, cancer, heart disease, space, disarmament and increased Soviet-U.S. trade. What are the American People to gain in return for the political hay being made in Moscow?"

Rarick has called Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau "the Castro of Canada" and warns that the Communist Chinese are planning to use the sparsely populated areas of Canada as areas of resettlement for the growing Chinese population. Even Earth Day, to Rarick, was part of the Communist conspiracy, when he realized that the date, April 22, 1970, was Lenin's birthday.

Rarick's record as a racist goes on ad nauseam. A former advisor to a publication of the White Citizens Councils, Rarick was dubbed the "White Hope" by the magazine. Rarick's membership in the White Citizens Councils earned him an excommunication from the Catholic Church in 1962. Anti-Semitism and racism ooze from his being.

During the Poor People's March on Washington, Rarick's only sentiments

Representative John Rarick (D.—Louisiana): "*Sesame Street* is dangerous to the physical well-being of children."

This is a

Blow-in card

Don't you hate it when it drops in your lap?

4036

☐ Yes, I hate it when it drops in my lap, but I'll subscribe anyway. Send me New Times for 1 year (26 issues) at the special half-price Charter subscription rate of $6.

☐ Payment enclosed.

☐ Bill me later.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 980
BOULDER, CO.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NEW TIMES
P.O. BOX 2948
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

PREMIERE –
AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT

THREE WOMEN ALONE

SUNDAY JUNE 2nd 8 PM

Television's most provocative special on today's women.
Colleen Dewhurst narrates this one-hour exploration into the startling dimensions of women who live alone. Three women: a single girl, a divorcee and a widow daringly and honestly reveal their personal worlds.

9
WOR-TV
RKO

Representative Joseph Maraziti (R.—New Jersey): Another congressman says, "Joe's a real nitwit. He's so slavish to the authority of the presidency that it's pathetic."

were for the "poor mules." When Martin Luther King was assassinated in 1968, Rarick again seemed to see a conspiracy. King, said Rarick, was a "Communist puppet" who "died on cue" when he "ceased to be valuable."

Washington, D.C., is 71 percent black, and so Rarick was leadoff witness a few years ago against home rule, warning that allowing the district to govern itself would lead to a takeover by Black Muslims. He called the District "a stink hole, rat-infested, the laughing stock of the Communist world . . . not even in proper racial balance." He suggested that if the cost were not too high, the District's residents should be resettled in areas like Montana and South Dakota. When Representative Charles Diggs, a black, accused Rarick of racism, the audience at the hearing broke into wild applause. Rarick then observed: "That's why I'm opposed to home rule."

Mud the Mudraker

Harold "Mud" Runnels got his nickname from the way he made his money—selling mud for drilling oil wells. As one reporter who covers Runnels put it: "Harold has the native shrewdness of a boy who grew up barefoot in Arkansas and made $1 million selling mud. . . . He's always playing the angles."

The dumbest thing Runnels ever did was to buy confidential material from Pentagon sources so that he could ask better questions at Armed Services Committee hearings. Not only did he buy the material, but he told a reporter what he was doing. The reporter advised Runnels to go to the Justice Department before he got into trouble, and with this done, the reporter ran the story.

The House Armed Services Committee promptly had a fit and Chairman F. Edward Hebert called hearings on the matter. Runnels testified that he paid $2,000 for information from three persons with "A-1" Pentagon credentials. He insisted the material he purchased was not classified, but he couldn't find the stuff he'd bought to prove his assertion. He gave the names of two of his sources to the FBI, but the Bureau couldn't find the culprits or even prove they existed.

In an interview recently he was at a loss to explain why he couldn't locate his Pentagon informants. "I'd be the happiest guy in the world if they walked in today and said, 'Harold, here we are.'" Why didn't he find out who they were back then? "It didn't make any difference to me," said Runnels. "I don't know who you are, either." Ouch, Mr. Runnels, you've been had again.

"I've done many dumb things in my life," said Runnels "like engaging those young men to give me information. But," he added, "if you don't learn from your mistakes you're really dumb." Runnels may be redeemable.

The Cheerleader

Joseph Maraziti likes to get to the House floor at least ½ hour before presidential speeches so that he can get an aisle seat. Once President Nixon arrives, Maraziti claps first, longest, loudest and last. Says another congressman, "Joe's a real nitwit. He's so slavish to the authority of the presidency that it's pathetic."

But Joe Maraziti, at least on the surface, is a rather sweet lecherous nitwit. At age 63, he is a roly-poly first-term Republican from New Jersey. In Washington, he is as dumb as they come.

He's just a guy who can't say no. He made so many job promises during his campaign that he ended up with a huge staff, and he had to let go many of the supporters he had promised jobs.

Maraziti loves to be interviewed by the press. Always anxious to help, he frequently reaches across the table to hold a reporter's pad in place so that it is easier to write on. Maraziti says he is "strong for national health care" (though he hasn't heard about the well-publicized Kennedy proposal) and also for restoration of the death penalty "in cases of cold-blooded premeditated murder, not a fight with your girlfriend."

What does he think of Salt I? His eyes zap around the room in confusion. Finally, he says cautiously, "I don't have any feelings one way or the other."

Well then, what about the current Nixon administration position on Salt. At this point Maraziti breaks down and asks what the interviewer is talking about. Oh, of course, strategic arms limitations talks.

Maraziti is always willing to take suggestions. At a party given by a broadcasting association, there was much discussion about bills that would change the laws on license renewals. "Yesiree, when that comes before my committee, I'll take care of that," promised Maraziti. "What committee are you on, Joe?" someone asked. "Judiciary," said Maraziti, and the people there were too embarrassed to tell him that his committee doesn't have jurisdiction over FCC laws.

One of Maraziti's proudest projects involves a redometer he bought for himself to clock how much mileage he walks every day between the House floor and his office. He claims the most he ever walked in one day was 11½ miles, and he can't understand why nobody writes a story about it. Well Joe, here you are. ●

THE WATERGATE MOTHER GOOSE

Text by Freda Goldstein
Illustrated by Joseph Smith

DICK'S TRICK

Dick be nimble
Dick be quick
Dick pull out
The Security trick

THE WATERGATE BUSH

Here we go 'round the Watergate
bush
The Watergate bush, the
Watergate bush
Here we go 'round the Watergate
bush
On a Washington summer
morning

This is the way we washed the cash
Washed the cash, washed the cash
This is the way we washed the cash
On a Washington summer
morning

This is the way we broke the rules
Broke the rules, broke the rules
This is the way we broke the rules
On a Washington summer
morning

LITTLE ED, HE FLED

Little Ed Muskie
Sat in a prim'ry
His chances increasing each day
Along came Segretti
Amidst much confetti
And frightened Ed Muskie away

PAT-A-TAPE, PAT-A-TAPE

Pat-a-tape, pat-a-tape, name the
man
Splice me a tape as fast as you can
Prick it and stick it
Of talk make it free
And store it in the attic marked
H. R. and me

A NEST OF KNAVISH NABOBS

Needy Nixon knew a nest of
knavish nabobs
A nest of knavish nabobs needy
Nixon knew
If needy Nixon knew a nest of
knavish nabobs
How many knavish nabobs did
needy Nixon know?

LEAN JOHN, FAT JOHN

John Dean could eat no fat
Mitchell could eat no lean
And so betwixt them both
They lick'd the public clean

OOOH, WHAT A DAINTY DISH!

Sing a song of sixpence
A country full of woe
Four-and-twenty leaders
Toppled in a row
When Watergate was opened
The floods began to roar
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To take minds off the war?

The King was in the Oval Room
Counting out the money
The Johns were on the telephone
Planning something "funny"
Bob was in the parlor
Conferring with a thief
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the Chief?

The King was in the Oval Room
Holding up the rugs
So Ehrlichman and Haldeman
Could sweep up all the bugs
They tried their best but then it got
Completely out of hand
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the land?

MY AIDE JOHN

Deedle, deedle, dumpling
My aide John
Went to bed with his recorder on
One switch off and one switch on
Deedle, deedle, dumpling
My aide John

ROSE MARY'S LITTLE TAPES

Rose Mary was a little lamb
Fleet of hand and toe
And everywhere Rose Mary went
Her tapes were sure to go

They followed her to court one day
Which made her overwrought
It made the jurors laugh and say
"They're buzzing tapes you've brought"

And so the judge did turn them out
And asked the experts why
Then waited patiently about
For the experts to reply

"It's not her foot wiped voices off"
The experts did agree
But when all is said and done
Will Rose Mary be free?

DICK'S HOUSE DOWN

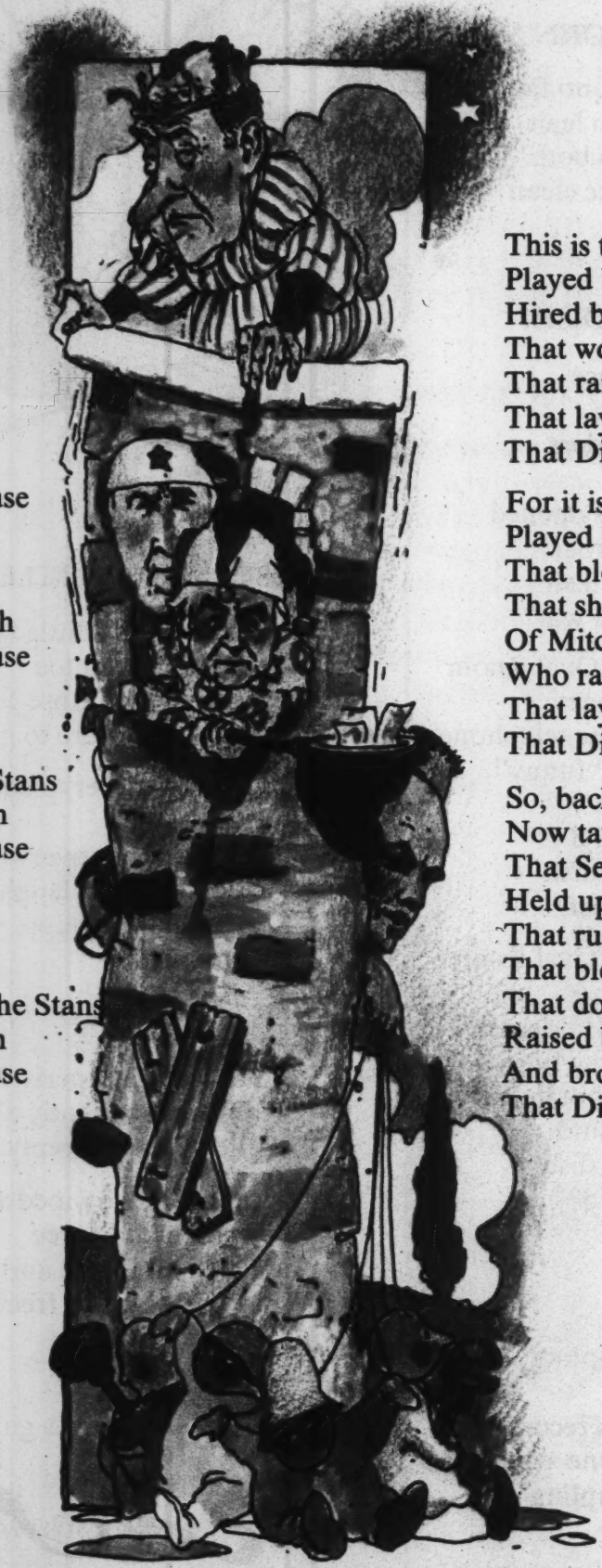
This is the House
That Dick built

This is the cash
That lay in the House
That Dick built

This is the Stans
That raided the cash
That lay in the House
That Dick built

This is the gang
That worked with Stans
That raised the cash
That lay in the House
That Dick built

This is the bunch
Hired by the gang
That worked with the Stans
That raised the cash
That lay in the House
That Dick built



This is the trick
Played by the bunch
Hired by the gang
That worked with the Stans
That raised the cash
That lay in the House
That Dick built

For it is this trick
Played by that bunch
That blew the horn
That shook up the plans
Of Mitchell and Stans
Who raised the cash
That lay in the House
That Dick built

So, back to the gang
Now tattered and torn
That Senator Sam
Held up to scorn
That rued the trick
That blew the horn
That doled out the cash
Raised by Stans
And brought down the House
That Dick built

The Irish connection

By Robert Sam Anson

A few years ago, there was a suggestion that St. Patrick, whom, as everyone knows, brought the faith to Ireland and got rid of the snakes in the bargain, was a myth, an ecclesiastical counterpart of elves, leprechauns and fairies. The Vatican launched an official investigation and, after due deliberation, finally put the heresy to rest. But not before the challenge to St. Patrick's existence had provoked considerable consternation among American Catholics, whose faith in recent years had already been shaken by revelations that eating meat on Friday would not send them to hell, that the Mass in English was just as holy as it was in Latin, and that, after a space of 2,000 years, it had suddenly been discovered that the Jews had not, in fact, killed Christ.

Coming on top of all the other lesser shocks loosed by the Vatican Council, the salacious libel of St. Patrick was too much. In 1968 there were even rumors that New York's St. Patrick's Day parade, the biggest, best and greenest St. Patrick's parade anywhere, might be abandoned. Fortunately, the parade's sponsors would hear none of it (1968 was, after all, an election year). Neither would the archdiocese of New York. And so, as always, the parade went on. And, as always, shoulder to shoulder on the steps of the Cathedral, their eminences, their graces and the Cardinal himself were there to review it.

They say that everyone is a little Irish on St. Patrick's Day. But no one is more Irish than the Church—this day and every day. For more than a hundred years, ever since the Great Potato Famine of 1850 drove the Irish to American shores by the tens and hundreds of thousands, the Irish have dominated U.S. Catholicism, leaving a peculiarly Celtic stamp on it. American Catholicism today is as Irish as Catholicism has always been: conservative, intensely nationalistic, puritanical, obsessed with the continuing struggle between absolute good and absolute evil. Irish dominance is numerical as well as theological. The cardinals are theirs, the monseigneurs, and far and away the largest share of the priests. Fully 51 percent of the Catholic hierarchy in the U.S. is Irish; so are 35 percent of all the priests. It is the people who have been changing.

Over the last three decades—virtually overnight, as the Church measures time—a quiet, largely unnoticed revolution has been occurring within U.S. Catholicism, an upheaval with potentially greater consequences on the faith of one out of every five Americans than anything the Chardins, Kungs and Berrigans combined could put together. It is, if you will, a Latin revolution—not the Latin of mumbled mea culpas, but of the Caribbean and South America.

The greening of the Catholic Church in America continues—in defiance of logic and the sheer statistics of the Hispanic immigration

Across the U.S. one in three Catholics comes from a Latin background—mostly Mexican-American, Puerto Rican or Dominican. In the major urban centers, where immigrants from Mexico and Puerto Rico have replaced the human tide that once flowed from Ireland, the numbers are even more disproportionate. The archdiocese of New York, the largest, most powerful Catholic (and, next to Boston, most Irish) see in the country, is more than 50 percent Hispanic, and the percentage is mushrooming each year. Many Catholic schools in the inner city are 80 percent or more Puerto Rican. Even the Italians are more numerous than the Irish, who today account for only 1.' percent of the Catholics in the U.S.

Yet, if a brown tide is running, the Irish, with characteristic grit, are so far holding the high ground. Only a fraction of the 400 parishes in New York offer any services in Spanish, and, oftentimes, they are scheduled at odd hours and tucked away in a side chapel, or, with a touch of theological Jim Crow, the church basement. In the cathedrals and chanceries, where power resides and is dispensed—in short, where ethnicity counts—Hispanics have yet to come in through the back door, much less the front. Out of ten cardinals in the U.S., only one, Umberto Maderos, of Boston, is Hispanic; he is a Portuguese. Out of 271 bishops, only three are Hispanic. In the New York archdiocese, which sets the tenor for the rest of American Catholicism, Terence Cardinal Cooke is, of course, Irish. So, too, are eight out of the ten bishops who assist him. The New York hierarchy is filled with Furlongs and Mahoneys and McBrides. The lay boards, including that of the $300 million a year Catholic Charities, are the same. There is, in fact, not one Hispanic who holds a major policy-making position in the entire archdiocese of New York.

The closest Hispanics come is the directorship of the archdiocese's Office of the Spanish Apostolate, which, for the first time in its more than 20 years of existence, recently was awarded to a Latin—Fr. Joaquim Beaumont, a pipe-sucking Basque psychologist from Pamplona who has been in New York a little more than four years. Beaumont's office is supposed to develop special programs for, and serve as a liaison to, the archdiocese's more than

Robert Sam Anson, author of the authoritative George McGovern biography, is Catholic, a Notre Dame graduate and one-quarter Irish.

Spanish services often are tucked away, with a touch of theological Jim Crow, in the church basement

500,000 Hispanic Catholics—who may have trouble getting through to the Spanish Office to have Beaumont solve their problems since there are no operators on the chancery switchboard who speak Spanish. Beaumont's staff consists of two secretaries. However, the real clout, as the Irish would put it, resides with the vice-chancellor for Spanish Affairs, the Rev. Francis Xavier Gorman, a round-faced jovial Irishman.

The reason for Irish dominance of the Catholic power structure is simple. To become a member of the hierarchy, one first has to pass through what is jokingly called "the lowerarchy," namely, the priesthood. And, out of nearly 2,000 priests working in the archdiocese of New York, only one, a 32-year-old Assumption father named Luis Rios, is a full-blooded Puerto Rican. Rios will remain unique for some time. At present, only one other Hispanic, a Dominican, is studying in the diocese's major seminary. The deaconate program, which trains lay Catholics to perform spiritual functions such as dispensing Communion, has no Hispanics at all.

Historically, the Church has always been a uniquely Irish preserve. Irish immigrants brought their faith and their priests with them, and, often as not, little else. Once here, the Church became far more than a spiritual haven. In the face of Nativist, No-Nothing and invariably Protestant hostility to the new arrivals, who were commonly characterized much as blacks are today ("Irish need not apply" signs continued to hang on some plant gates even into this century), the Church became a protector, rallying point and social service agency. It also became a political force. Irish voters were once more numerous in New York than in Dublin, and political bosses like Tweed and McDonough controlled and corrupted the city's political life. But as the Irish were accepted more and more into the American mainstream, an acceptance belatedly made official by the election of John Fitzgerald Kennedy in 1960, they left the cities for the suburbs. Suburbanization meant scattering, and scattering meant the diminution of political power.

As the Irish ghettos self-destructed, the once vast political machines went with them. In New York there is now only one election district left that is controlled by the Irish, and even that is under challenge from blacks and Latins. The Church is the only place left where the Irish continue to come together in significant numbers. In a sense, the chanceries have become the last great political clubhouses.

Yet the political power of the present-day Church has proved every bit as real, not to mention autocratic, as that wielded by the old Irish political bosses. The anti-Communist crusades are the most noteworthy examples in the recent past. Catholic lobbying applied much of the grease on the slippery slope that led to Vietnam. Few people remember that Ngo Dinh Diem was an obscure exile, living in a Maryknoll seminary in New York until Francis Cardinal Spellman made the right introductions with John Foster Dulles. One can also wonder what the course of U.S. involvement in Vietnam would have been had most of the 900,000 refugees who left North Vietnam in 1954 been Buddhist rather than Catholic. At home, the Church, particularly the New York archdiocese, has been instrumental in frustrating or delaying changes in the laws regulating birth control and divorce. Last year, after the U.S. Supreme Court ruled laws banning abortion unconstitutional, Cooke and a number of other cardinals and archbishops announced the launching of a massive campaign aimed at passing a constitutional amendment outlawing abortion. The obvious question is how much of the Church's policy is Irish politics and how much is Catholic theology. In New York, at least, they are one and the same.

If Puerto Ricans and other Hispanics were running the Church rather than simply belonging to it, the power balances

Terence Cardinal Cooke reviewing the St. Patrick's Day parade.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE URSILLO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN FERNANDEZ

Father Luis Rios in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.

would be profoundly altered, with the Irish as the inevitable losers. And the consequences that would lead from *that* are inestimable. How, for instance, would the face of U.S. labor be changed if the Catholic hierarchy looked as favorably on Cesar Chavez as it currently does on George Meany?

Up to now, this has not happened, at least in part because the Church has done its best to keep it from happening. It is not so much that Hispanics are *discouraged* from taking leadership roles in the Church—though there have been incidents of overt hostility—as that they are not *encouraged*. The priesthood is typical. Recently the New York archdiocese undertook an expensive, Madison Avenue-tailored advertising campaign designed to lure young men into the religious life. The campaign featured five priests, showing them doing a variety of "priestly" as well as non-priestly work; four of the priests were Irish, and the ads appeared only in the English-language press. Only after repeated protests did the archdiocese place one of the ads in a Spanish-language newspaper. It, too, showed an Irishman.

The archdiocese explains the lack of Puerto Rican vocation by citing Hispanics' poverty, poor education and the fact that there are few Puerto Rican priests even in Puerto Rico. (Indeed, there are more Irish-American priests in Puerto Rico than there are Puerto Rican priests, largely because Puerto Rico has traditionally been considered a "mission" country, so little effort has been made to recruit native clergy.) Gorman adds Spanish culture as a reason—specifically, what he claims is Spanish intolerance for the rigors of celibacy. "They like to be married men and have a family more than the Irish," he says. In short, since Puerto Ricans are Latins, they must be lovers. And the Irish Church has no room for lovers.

There are differences between Spanish-style Catholicism and the Irish variety, whether or not a liking for sex is one of them. The Spanish Church is looser, more communal, less pietistic and academic than its Irish counterpart. The New York seminary system, typical of those throughout the country, is structured along Irish and French lines. "The whole style is different," says Rios. "Even the sense of humor is different. They don't make any allowances for the Spanish lifestyle. A kid who goes in there almost has to make a choice: is he going to be a priest or is he going to be Puerto Rican?" To which Gorman replies: "The Church's doors have always been open."

All the same, the Church has been cautious about whom it lets in. Rather than train Puerto Ricans and other Hispanics to be priests, for instance, the archdiocese conducts a costly program to teach Irish-American priests to speak Spanish. The program, begun almost two decades ago, has grown to the point where half of all new priests are being shipped off to learn Spanish and Spanish culture in Puerto Rico and other Latin American countries. There are still not enough Spanish-speaking priests to go around, however, so the archdiocese imports native priests from Latin America and Spain itself. According to one source in the archdiocese, many of the importees come to New York only because there is nowhere else to go. "If you look into their backgrounds," he says, "you usually find that they were in trouble with their bishop, the government or a woman." Despite this influx of priests (more than 100 at present), the need for more Spanish-speakers is ever present. With the recent falloff in vocations, the archdiocese is reportedly on the verge of importing 25 priests directly from Ireland, sending them to Puerto Rico to learn Spanish and then bringing them back to work in *el barrio*.

According to Fr. Robert Stern, a former director of the Spanish Office who runs a parish in the heavily Hispanic South Bronx, the archdiocese goes through similar contortions in searching out lay Catholics for leadership posts, such as membership on the boards of Catholic hospitals. "They say they recognize the

"Maybe it would be different if the Cardinal had eaten black beans and rice, once—but he hasn't"

importance of having the Spanish-speaking on the boards of institutions that serve the Spanish," Stern explains. "Any number of times when I was with the Spanish Office, they would ask me to submit names for these jobs. Well, I would submit the names and the answer would always be, 'Yes, but they're not qualified.' So the Spanish-speaking never got the jobs. They always went to the Irish or, sometimes, the Italians. After a while, it gets to be a vicious circle."

That, evidently, is how Hispanics see it as well. Within the barrio, only two groups consistently turn up at Mass: the very young and the very old. Church attendance among Puerto Ricans as a whole averages only 15 percent, well below that of Irish Catholics. Archdiocesan spokesmen account for the falloff by noting that the Irish traditionally place great emphasis on attendance at Mass and receipt of the Sacraments, while the Spanish do not. Gorman simply blames it on the fact that "Hispanics don't get proper training in their youth."

In fact, the reverse is true. However it differs in other details, Catholicism is every bit as inbred in Spanish culture as it is in Irish tradition, if anything even more so. Fundamentalist Puerto Rican Baptists, long after their conversion to Protestantism, still go to Catholic Mass on Christmas and Easter. Puerto Rican kids may be yelled at for speaking Spanish in class, as they are in New York's parochial schools, yet they carry away the awe of Sister Mary and Father Patrick that is in the background of every Irish Catholic. The alienation comes only later, and, even then, it is seldom total. "Even the Puerto Rican junkie going into an alley for a 'nod' still respects a priest," says Eulogio Ortiz, a bearded 29-year-old "Independista" who stopped going to church when he was 12. "Like, it's something you can never get away from, you know? It's so much a part of you. I'm a Catholic. I don't know why. I guess the answer is that my mother was Catholic."

"I dig the traditions, the history," says Noberto Lopez, 35, a Venezuelan who grew up in what was once an Irish ghetto called "Vinegar Hill" on Manhattan's West Side. "I don't go to church much. The whole thing turns me off. But the funny thing is, when I got married, my wife was a Lutheran. I had her convert to Catholicism. Somehow, it was important to me, even though it shouldn't be really."

For many Puerto Ricans, the "turn-off" comes in late adolescence. Raquel Ortiz, a striking 29-year-old secretary born and raised in New York, was teaching catechism class one day ten years ago when it dawned on her she couldn't be a Catholic anymore. "The kids were asking me questions I couldn't answer," she recalls. "How do you tell a kid that he's going to go to hell for having a bad thought if you don't believe it yourself?" For most Puerto Ricans who leave the organized Church, the problem is not so much with theology as with relevance. "In Puerto Rico, it's different," says Eulogio Ortiz. "There, the church is more than just a building where masses are said. It's the center of the community; it's the neighborhood social center. It's not the Y that has the dances, it's the church. So you hang out there. It's where your friends are. Here, you hang out on the corner. That's where your friends are, not the church. The church? Nothing's happening there."

A few Hispanics, along with their white liberal allies, have tried to take the archdiocese head-on. Though Stern formally resigned from his post in the Spanish Office, he was, in fact, forced out after a number of policy clashes with his superiors, including Cooke. Each time the issue was the same: a greater role for the Spanish in Church decision-making. And each time the Irish prevailed. "They didn't want me to bring the complaints of the Spanish community to them," says Stern. "They wanted me to keep them quiet." Following Stern's resignation-ouster, a handful of liberal Puerto Ricans formed the Hispanic-American Christians for Jus-

An Irish priest with Hispanic children on Manhattan's Lower East Side.

At the festival of St. John the Baptist (the patron saint of San Juan) an Irish priest administers Communion.

tice to pressure for aggressive campaigning for priests as well as the placing of Hispanics in at least a few decision-making positions inside the archdiocese. The group had a number of increasingly stormy meetings with members of the hierarchy, culminating in a session with Cooke himself, in which the Cardinal, according to members of the committee, bluntly informed them that he could, as one Hispanic priest puts it, "do without the lot of us, and put anyone in those jobs he wanted to."

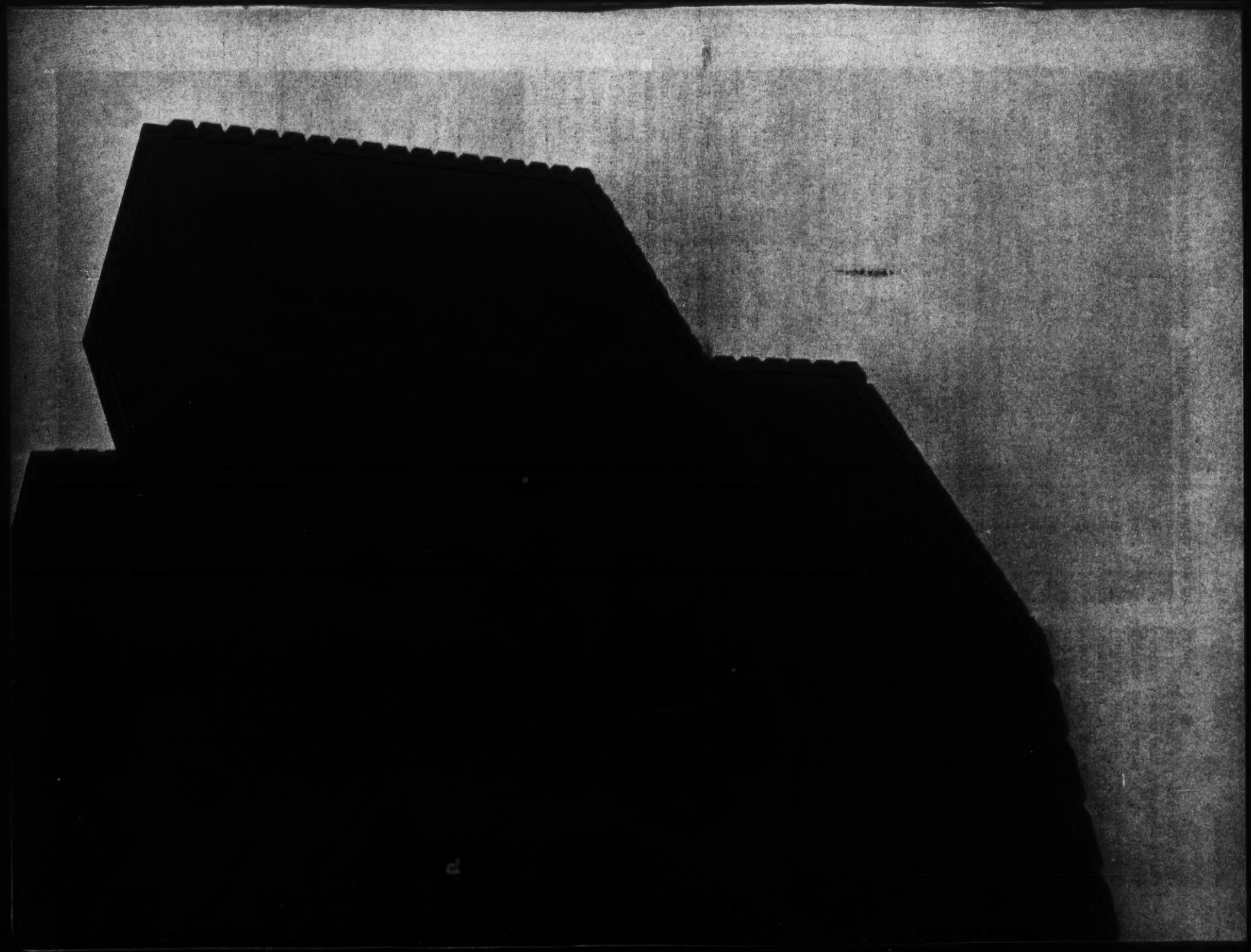
"I'd hesitate at calling the Church's attitude racist," says Antonio Stevens-Arroyo, a half Puerto Rican priest who was ousted from his parish after his pastor accused him of being a Communist. "It's closer to a sort of paternalism. You know the kind of stuff that manifests itself by saying that 'you poor Puerto Ricans are uneducated. We know more than you do. We'll guide and protect and take care of you, so long as you don't cause too much trouble.' What it really means is that other people are making the decisions that affect your life."

There are other explanations, of course. To Rios, it is merely a matter of economics, mixed in with garden variety discrimination. If the financial contributions of Puerto Ricans to the archdiocese matched their numbers, he says, the hierarchy might look more kindly on them. As it is, with the Church claiming it is strapped for cash and Puerto Ricans and other Hispanic poor draining away much of what funds are available, Spanish-speaking Catholics are, in Rios's words, "not a priority item." "They [the archdiocese] seem to think that Puerto Ricans are uneducated upstarts," he says, "who aren't qualified to do the jobs that they want to do."

To Stern, who managed to make a number of enemies among his fellow Irish during his tenure in the Spanish Office, the Church's attitude toward Hispanics springs from "cultural insensitivity." "Maybe it would be different if the Cardinal had eaten black beans and rice, once," says Stern, "but he hasn't. He's attuned differently. The St. Patrick's Day parade is the best example. No secretary would last long in the Cardinal's service if he didn't block out his schedule so he could spend his day watching the parade. But take the feast of Our Lady of Alta Gracia, the patron of the Dominicans, the second-largest Spanish group in the city, fill up the whole Cathedral with Dominicans and bring in the Archbishop of Santo Domingo, and the Cardinal shows up only enough to give his blessing. And then he leaves. He can't even stay for the Mass. Somehow, he doesn't have the time."

However neatly the situation is defined, what is involved at gut level is a brass knuckles scrap between competing ethnic groups for power. Where once the Church tacitly, if not explicitly, encouraged the formation of ethnic parishes, complete with "Irish" schools playing basketball against "Italian" schools, now the word has been passed that, in the words of St. John, "all are to be one, and one in thee." "We put our Christian love above our differences," says one archdiocesan spokesman. "Christ is the great integrator of us all." Translation: much won't be made of the fact if Our Lady of Guadalupe beats St. Agatha's the next time round. In time, of course, it won't make much difference; both St. Agatha's and Our Lady of Guadalupe will be dominated by Hispanics, with a goodly measure of Irish, Poles, Italians and Croats thrown in.

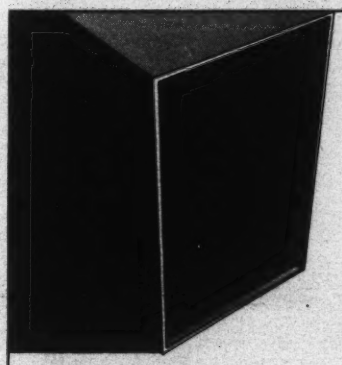
For years Catholic intellectuals have debated among themselves how the American Church—and history with it—might have been different if someone other than pietistic Irish Jansenists had been first to claim it. The theoretical guessing games are endless. Had anyone but the Irish been in charge, how would the Church have confronted issues like contraception, divorce and abortion? Is it possible that, today, Ngo Dinh Diem would be living out his days in Maryknoll, New York, in the obscurity he so richly deserved? And what wonderments will be loosed when Irish fears are finally realized and the loose-living, free-loving Spanish come to power? It is almost too much to contemplate: St. Patrick's Day and their eminences and their graces shoulder to shoulder on the steps of the cathedral, Cardinal Gomez and Archbishop Garcia and Bishop Suarez and Monseigneur Ortiz and . . . . ●



JBL's Century 100.

(In two years it became the most successful loudspeaker we ever made, and it's not even an original. It's a copy.)

About five years ago, we developed a new speaker—a studio monitor for the professional recording business. It had the big sound that the studios required, but it was a compact. The size of a bookshelf speaker.



The Original

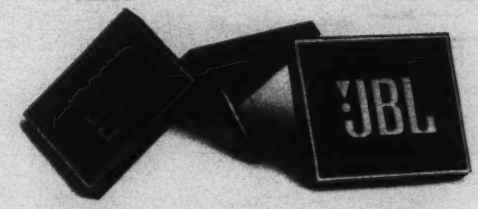
JBL's 4310. Especially designed for control room installations. Available only through professional audio contractors.

Would it impress you to know that the top professional recording studios like Warner Brothers and Capitol and Elektra and MGM use JBL loudspeakers to record, play back, mix down and master their music? It's true.

Instant success.

(Very flattering, too. It's nice to have a talented, opinionated recording engineer pick your speaker to go with his $100,000 sound system.)

We sold more than we dreamed possible.



Then we figured out why:

The professionals were taking our studio monitors home, using them as bookshelf speakers.

Well, if you were JBL, what would you do?

That's what we did.

JBL's Century 100. $273 each. The size of a compact studio monitor. Almost its twin, in fact, except for oiled walnut and a sculptured grille that adds texture and shape and color.

Come hear JBL's Century 100. But ask for it by name. With its success, some of our admiring competitors have begun using words like "professional" and "studio monitor" to describe their speakers. They're only kidding.

Century 100. The perfect copy. From the people who own the original.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc. / High fidelity loudspeakers from $129 to $2,700 / 3249 Casitas Avenue, Los Angeles 90039.

Tales from the new board room

In the wake of *The Exorcist*, Ouija board sales are soaring, and so are the hopes of a host of virgin psychics

By Jesse Kornbluth

As the 1970s finally start to define themselves, as we at last discard nostalgia for deeper longings, the cosmosticians are coming into their own. There's never been such a ready market for Godsell in America, and the new religions aren't above imitating the corporate structure of the decadent institutions they are so eager to replace. Historically, we have always been fair game for occult opportunists whenever the future looked grim. But in no recent period have we witnessed such a mixture of genuine mystical searching with rampant spiritual hucksterism. We've made best sellers of the private life of plants, of the devil's ability to possess and repossess. Even the SLA's aware of "the forces"—it originally planned to grab Patty Hearst on the night of a full moon in Cancer. Toyota calls its new early-warning system "ESP." And for those who like their mysticism black, Aurora thoughtfully manufactures glow-in-the-dark witches and demons for the eight-and-up set; one choice item is the Forgotten Prisoner, a horrific skeleton in a torn suit, his neck chained to the dungeon wall, his face turned toward the door through which no help comes.

It all sells. Mysticism, the most romantic aspect of the general occult yearning, is almost on the verge of validation as a working Western science. An astounding 2 million Americans will buy Ouija boards this year, their purchases clicking off profits on the Parker Brothers computer; more importantly, those are 2 million of us who admit the possibility of hidden forces and subconscious knowledge. The fact that they may be this year's suckers, however, has nothing to do with the other transaction, the one that begins when the box is opened, the pointer set on the board and the questions start to pour out.

Most Ouija sales are probably still to those who see the board as "the scariest party toy ever," but with increasing frequency it seems that people are taking to it as the first, most direct connection to the world of Spirit. And that's not a small, ragtag collection of hippies, vegetarians, cargo-cult fanatics. It's a sizable percentage of those 2 million units a year for Parker Brothers (making Ouija a staple that sometimes outsells Monopoly). It's sales up 15 percent since January, thanks in part to *The Exorcist* and that early scene where "Captain Howdy" gives little Regan a singular proficiency with the board—the first signal of her actual possession. It's a grand total of 10 million boards sold in the eight years since the Parkers bought the manufacturing rights from the Fuld family. So 20 million people—at least—have tried the Ouija board in the last decade: as many as have tried grass.

"At the edge of history," writes planetary historian William Irwin Thompson, "the wind is blowing in our faces." And eventually, as you watch the religious revival and/or con, you get tired of your passivity at the edge. You resolve to do something about it, to move beyond the reading, the conversations, the hope that, in a world where the apocalypse seems waiting just over the next hill, there might also be a protective force to see us through hard times. To say nothing of the year 2000.

I began working with the Ouija board a few months ago. I'd read enough about a knowledge we're said to have forgotten and I wanted to get in touch with it. Unsure of my psychic potential, the board seemed the shortest route to an amorphous spirit world. I had also just read *The Seth Material* by Jane Roberts, a writer who had contracted to deliver a book about ESP without having any previous experience with the occult. She decided also to begin with the Ouija board. After a few sessions, the slow-moving pointer accelerated. "Seth," as the consulting spirit announced himself, had much to say. A few sessions later Ms. Roberts was hearing the words in her head as Seth helped her spell them out on the board; she abandoned the board for trance then, and Seth began dictating a profound description of life in the "spacious present" that has now filled 6,000 pages and two books.

It seemed, at that novice point, that the board itself was an open channel, a neutral instrument that allowed transmission of data from the cosmic FM. Some said that it shouldn't be taken

Free-lance writer Jesse Kornbluth last reported for NEW TIMES *on boogying down.*

ILLUSTRATION BY ED SOYKA

lightly; spirits make fools of the prankster, mixing lies with truth. And if you came to it with evil intent—or were just too impressionable—the board and plastic pointer could be transformed into the tools of genuine possession. Then again, you couldn't come on as the skeptic, for that established contact with the most superficial levels of the subconscious. Just come as a sincere questioner, more experienced occultists suggested, but that was easy enough; when you're a basic model New York media manipulator, you're ready, even eager, to take the big plunge on the next great American trip—to take a big leap into unknown space for great knowledge and still make your way home in time for the 11 o'clock news. A businessman's version of the Don Juan experience. An easy plunge. Naturally, I took it.

Some stories:

A close relative was having difficulty finding a new job. Time was running out in her present position, and in this non-recession, finding something that's worth doing gets no easier. My brother and I couldn't figure out any way to be more than just supportive, so we decided to consult with the board. He'd never used it and I was just getting into it. We got a contact right off. Fast, too. And very sure.

"Do we know you, Spirit?" we asked the air.

YES. It pointed to the affirmative signal in the upper-left-hand corner of the board.

"We both know you?"

YES.

"Who are you?"

BLOOM.

We looked across the board into each other's horrified eyes. Marshall Bloom, a co-founder of the old Liberation News Service and the farm in Massachusetts where I'd once lived, had connected a rubber hose to the tailpipe of his car three years ago.

"Marshall?" My brother's voice quavered. "Is that you?"

AHA. Bloom had just that kind of sense of humor.

"Will our relative find interesting work?"

42. BRANIFF. CJ ABT.

We grabbed the phone book. There was a Braniff office on 42nd Street. We had our relative call Braniff. "That's funny," said the Braniff representative. "There's no C.J. Abt who works here. But just yesterday I helped a man by that name straighten out a ticket problem."

Months later we had worked out of contact with newer, trickier spirits. It was one of those full-moon weekends in Vermont when we tried to contact Jung and Reich. Down the road, some friends were dowsing each other's auras, using divining rods to see how far their energy fields extended. The night before, on the other side of the mountains, another friend heard and felt the presence of the devil as he walked in the woods. So it seemed almost normal to try to program a Ouija session, to summon up specific spirits and ask about the work great souls were doing after they were no longer in a position to publish their findings directly.

We wiped the board clean, stated our request, prayed briefly to protective spirits and banished the rest. The pointer signaled a presence. Jung? NO. Is Jung alive again? ETHER. Where? BOLIVIA. What is an etheric version of Jung doing there? HEALER. Of what? CANCER.

Reich—the alphabet-bound voice from somewhere that claimed to be Reich—had some direct line going, and the pointer moved rapidly over the board when we asked for the kind of general statement that would "prove" this spirit was Reich.

DEATH RELEASES ORGONE INTO A COSMIC BANK. IT EARNS INTEREST. THEN IT LIBERATES THE SICK FROM DISEASE.

Parker Brothers is not about to endorse spirit communication—not when ambiguity pays so well

Right language, anyway. How is the energy released? Directly?

NO.

Through artifacts or power places?

YES. IT HAPPENS LIKE THIS. ENERGY ATTRACTS ENERGY. MUCH GOES TO THOSE WHO NEED IT LEAST. WHAT REMAINS IS FOCUSED AS BEST WE CAN TO HEAL.

Are there artifacts or power points near here?

SOUTH AMERICA.

Were there ever any here?

YES. NOT NOW.

We were told it was a pyramid. Where? And what happened to it?

1919. BUTTE. TEXAS. OILMEN KNOCKED IT DOWN IN FEAR.

(We have been able to learn that a pyramid was either found or built near the first Texas oil well, some ten years earlier than this spirit contact dates it, though.)

At this point, it's understandable that these efforts to reach beyond are often described as the raving wish fulfillment of folks too far gone to notice that what's really happening is simply this: two people are sitting in a room with an overhyped "mystifying oracle" on their laps, and while one or both of them push the pointer to letters that just happen to form quite conventional words, they have a conversation of sorts with someone they very well know isn't there. Sicker still, they hope for a highly evolved transmission, from a spirit who's been dead to this world for centuries; the older the contact, the clearer the message. People get committed daily for expounding less speculative doctrines, but the Ouija board user presses on, not even hiding his belief behind the comforting mask of ritual. In the face of his own, quite possible folly, he wipes the board clean, banishes evil and gets to the spiritual business at hand.

Maybe he tunes in to himself, maybe it is spirit contact. For those who insist the Ouija operator is pushing the pointer, making it all up, consider, as sci-fi historian Erich Von Daniken would say, the following story.

In the summer that Robin was carrying her Ouija board everywhere, she met a man at a friend's house. They didn't exchange the usual data, but it soon became clear he was interested in her. The relationship was unformed, time was pressing; why not, he suggested, use the board to see if there was the chance of a relationship. At the least, it would strip away social posturings and have their feelings laid out, one letter at a time.

But the first word the pointer spelled was CADAVER, and the personality that came through was that of a 36-year-old black woman from Biloxi who claimed to have just died in New York. I have a scar on my right knee, she continued. There is a knife slash on my left arm. I died of uterine cancer. And I will see you again.

The man looked suddenly panicked, his expression a mixture of anticipation and dread. For the first time then he told Robin he was to return to medical school the following week—and when, a few days later, he lifted the sheet from the cadaver he was to dissect, there was the black woman with cancer of the uterus and the two scars. And there was the medical student, covering her face again and urgently seeking to trade her for another body, any other body.

There are more predictable stories, of dead cats and future lovers and how much money by what date. There are lascivious spirits who, when asked for advice about love problems, delight in spelling out one obscenity after another. There are benefi-

cent spirits, who advise young children who like to draw to save their drawings against the day when they run out of ideas; and there are up-to-date spirits who tell kids to speak of their lives into the cassette tape recorders they should keep by their beds. There are spirits who say that the spirit world is exactly like our own, only the sky is red; others say that they just eat more fish in the spirit world.

It was the spirits, in fact, who told William Fuld of Baltimore to start manufacturing the boards in the 1890s. Later, the spirits encouraged him to expand. "It's all a mystery to me," Fuld liked to say. When he "passed over," as death is called in spirit circles, the mystery got curiouser; his family developed a system of order-taking unique in American business. Let the orders pile up on your desk, then make enough boards to fill those orders, then close the factory until the desk is again stacked high. Don't answer your phone if you're not in the mood, and sell no more than 300,000 boards a year.

Parker Brothers bought the manufacturing rights from the Fulds in 1966 because their computer printouts showed profit potential. Not surprisingly, Parker plays it close to the chest about the item, never spelling out whether it's a game or a genuine communicative tool. They enclose a pamphlet about the oracle which admits an uncertainty about its use and refers you to the Jane Roberts book. Call the Parkers and ask if, in this rare instance, there is a corporate obligation to take sides on the cosmic question and the official correctly states that "there's nothing intrinsic in the item." But it does capitalize on the mystical impulse? "Of course." And might that require some warning to the user, that in taking up the board he must approach it correctly or risk the loss of his sanity—or worse, his soul? Shouldn't Parker Brothers really advise purchasers to pray before each session? There is an almost tangible smile spreading at the other end of the line. Parker Brothers is not about to endorse spirit communication, not when ambiguity pays so well. "There is nothing intrinsic in the item," we're told again. "It's very useful for some people. Many have a lot of fun with it."

Check. But all the politeness of the brothers Parker does not alter the situation. If the board really is a door to spirit, it is the one most frequently employed by the sensation-starved occultists of America. It is, therefore, the most basic tool, more the AM radio of spirit than FM quadraphonic. Even at that, there should be a warning on the side of the box to suggest to the merely playful that its contents can be hazardous. You pays your money, you takes your chances—especially in the spirit world.

Yet when the board is hot and the words spell themselves out with no mistakes, when the ideas are so much smarter than any you've had in the last month, when genuine prediction is offered on a $4 "toy," it's hard not to conclude that yes, there is something there, something that bears further study, although, say the old hands, you move on beyond the board into the "real thing" if you have a genuine gift.

But if the gift turns out to be no present you want to keep, what then do you do? As *The Exorcist* started to lift off, one viewer behind me, impatient for the special effects, shouted out, "Send for the rabbi already." A girl up front laughed and called back: "Get rid of that damned board." But of course, if dumb Chris MacNeil had taken the board seriously in the beginning, the rest of the movie would have been radically different. In the spiritualist version, Regan's gift is transformed into a force for good; she becomes a faith healer, or clairvoyant, or trance medium. Or even just a freak who goes to Hollywood and has, at age 12, a psychic game show. Even now, someone's probably prepping a daytime pilot of this number, called *Dial a Spirit* and hosted ideally by the psychic ex-astronaut Edgar Mitchell. Or maybe it's going to be a quiz show, *Lampoon*-style, with the losers at the board game taken out back and "passed" into spirit. It's all so inevitable that I asked the board recently if it would like its own show, or what, if anything, it would like to see. Its answer: "All your hearts." ●

The Ouija talking board: when the "mysterious message indicator" hovers on Good Bye, the spirit has vacated the premises.

side trips

Duck! It's the new journalism

Bloomington, Ind.—The lecturer was a newly arrived celebrity in town, Ed W. Johnson, co-editor with Tom Wolfe of *The New Journalism*. The class was J-610 Mass Media and Mass Culture, taught by Asst. Prof. Trevor Brown at Indiana University's journalism school. The setting: Johnson and friend amidst a pile of records and a four-foot candlestick in a small seminar classroom.

The lecture began to the accompaniment of Gordon Lightfoot played at a frenzied 45 rpm and continued with Judy Collins singing *Marat/Sade* at nerve-jangling volume.

"Okay, people," Johnson started off, "you want to know about the new journalism. I am the only one in the world certified to speak on the new journalism. . . . 'The new journalism is a riddle Ed [Johnson] made up for you to solve!' You know who said that? Judy Collins said that. Judy Collins is one of my chicks. I know *all* the rock stars! I know all the new journalists. I know *all* the celebrities in the United States of America. I assure you."

He then told how he and the man who came with him, whom he identified at times as "Free Wheelin' Frank of the Hells' Angels," had verbally fragged a man in a restroom.

"I was saying something," Johnson told the class, "about being responsible for the assassination of Robert Kennedy, whom I killed, and Jack Kennedy, whom I killed, and he started right out of the restroom, a real carrier pigeon. And I said to Free Wheelin', 'That guy's a real carrier pigeon,' and Free Wheelin' said, 'He sure is.'

E. W. Johnson, President of the United States of America.

"And I said," Johnson continued, " 'You know what we should do, Free Wheelin'? We should crucify him on television. You know, I'll drive half the nails and you can drive half the nails.' And Free Wheelin' said, 'That's a dandy idea.' "

Johnson went on in the next few minutes to assure the class that he killed Charles de Gaulle during a good-will visit to Europe, that all popular music revolved around him, and that his status as the best expert on karate in the universe saved him from three attempted assassinations—assassinations that were attempted because he is president of the United States.

"The government of the United States of America was overthrown more than a year ago!" he disclosed to the class soon into his lecture. "I'm president of the United States of America and Bob Dylan is vice president!"

Brown and the students of the class stayed pretty calm through all this since they reasoned Johnson was only putting on a show that soon would end with an explanation of why he was acting the way

he was, why he was saying what he was. But that belief, along with their calmness, was blown away when the chorus in *Marat/Sade* broke into "Marat, we're poor," and Johnson got down to business.

"You know, a lot of people have been trying to assassinate me! I've been fighting space wars for 2,000 fucking years to keep you motherfuckers alive! What have you been doing? I've been fighting these very funny jokers. You want me to turn Double Dobious loose on you?"

"No, no, please no," the man who came with him said.

Johnson went on. "You . . . I . . . I . . . maybe you think this is a joke! Well, gentlemen, do you want me to. . . ." He then picked up a hatchet he had brought with him and hurled it. The sharp blade sailed six inches over the heads of half a dozen students, hit the concrete block wall across the room and clattered to the floor.

"Next time I won't miss!" he yelled. "This is for real! You've got closed circuit televisions in here! [There were no television cameras.] Everybody's watching! It isn't just the people on the other end of the monitor! Everybody's watching. Because this is the first time officially I've announced that the government of the United States of America has been overthrown and occupied."

Brown cut in and told his class to leave. As they did, Johnson yelled on about the Johnson/Dylan administration, the space wars, vampires and 38 chicks that have never fucked with anyone but him.

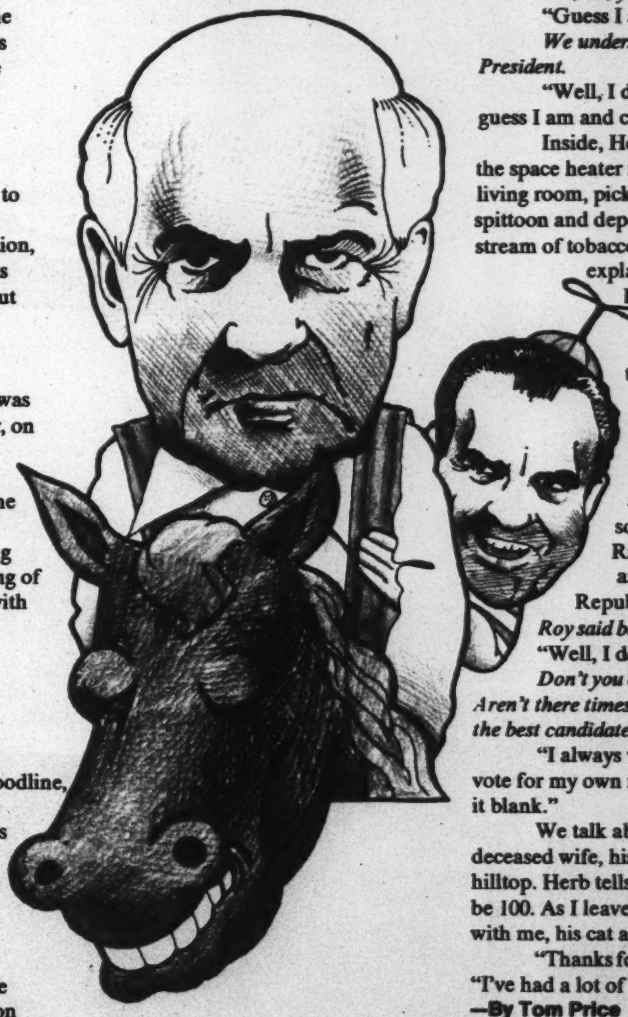
Later that day a letter which threatened the lives of Brown and a student who smiled during the lecture was delivered to Brown's house. The letter, on the letterhead of the Donald Coyote Institute for Advanced Studies, was signed "E.W. Johnson, President of the United States of America"—the same way he signed papers the next morning when he turned himself in at the urging of friends and was charged with assault with intent to kill.—**By Laer Pearce**

The last of the Democrat Nixons

Allensville, Ohio—Richard Nixon's bloodline, like the lineage of so many California families, traces back across the Rockies and the Plain States to this forgotten backwash in the Midwest—a scattered handful of houses built around a combination gas station and grocery store along U.S. Route 50 in Ohio's Appalachian hill country. In 1880 there were at least 38 Nixons in Ohio's Vinton County alone. But, as Roy Nixon Jr. explains, lack of jobs and the lure of big cities have taken most of the Nixons away. Roy, a middle-aged carpenter and plumber who lives with his wife in a white frame house in Allensville, shares great-grandparents with the President and is always ready to produce family trees, newspaper clippings, letters and other mementos to prove Richard Nixon's ties to Vinton County—where Richard's father was born and where many of his ancestors were buried.

Like all good Vinton County Nixons, Roy is a Democrat. But he's always voted for Richard and he still supports his beleaguered cousin. "Dad always said blood was thicker than water," Roy explains. "But Herb, now, he didn't."

Herb Nixon is 94. His great-grandfather was Richard Nixon's great-great-grandfather. At least that's the way Herb thinks it goes. He's never paid much attention to the details of that relationship. But Herb, he won't have anything to do with his notorious cousin. In 1960 he put a sign in front of his house that read: "Some Democrat Nixons for Kennedy."



The house—a jerry-built, shingled affair with the nailheads showing—stands atop a hill a few hundred yards off Ohio Route 683, a winding two-lane road just eight miles long that makes its way from Route 50 near Allensville along the Little Racoon Creek to Route 93 at Hamden. Clear plastic is taped around the windows for insulation.

The place is, as they say, neat as a pin. So is Herb Nixon, a short man with Richard's hairline and nose who answers to visitors simply and to the point—once he's understood what the visitor is saying. A logging accident ripped up Herb's face, left him blind in one eye and screwed up his hearing.

(At the door)

"Is this the Herb Nixon place?

"What's that?"

Is this the Herb Nixon place?

"That's right."

Are, uh, you Herb Nixon?

"Guess I am."

We understand you're related to the President.

"Well, I don't claim to be. But I guess I am and can't help it."

Inside, Herb reaches over beside the space heater in his combination bedroom-living room, picks up a brown ceramic spittoon and deposits a matching brown stream of tobacco juice inside. He then explains his opposition to the President. "I'm a Democrat. Richard should have been a Democrat, too. His family all was."

Richard is a Republican, the story goes, because Ohio Governor William McKinley, on a political swing through southeastern Ohio, praised Richard's father's horse, and father Frank voted Republican thereafter.

Roy said blood is thicker than water.

"Well, I don't."

Don't you ever vote for Republicans? Aren't there times when the Republican is the best candidate?

"I always vote Democrat. If I can't vote for my own man, I figure, I just leave it blank."

We talk about Herb's children, his deceased wife, his quiet life alone on his hilltop. Herb tells me he's going to live to be 100. As I leave, he walks out to the car with me, his cat and dog trailing behind.

"Thanks for stoppin', son," he says. "I've had a lot of fun with you."

—**By Tom Price**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

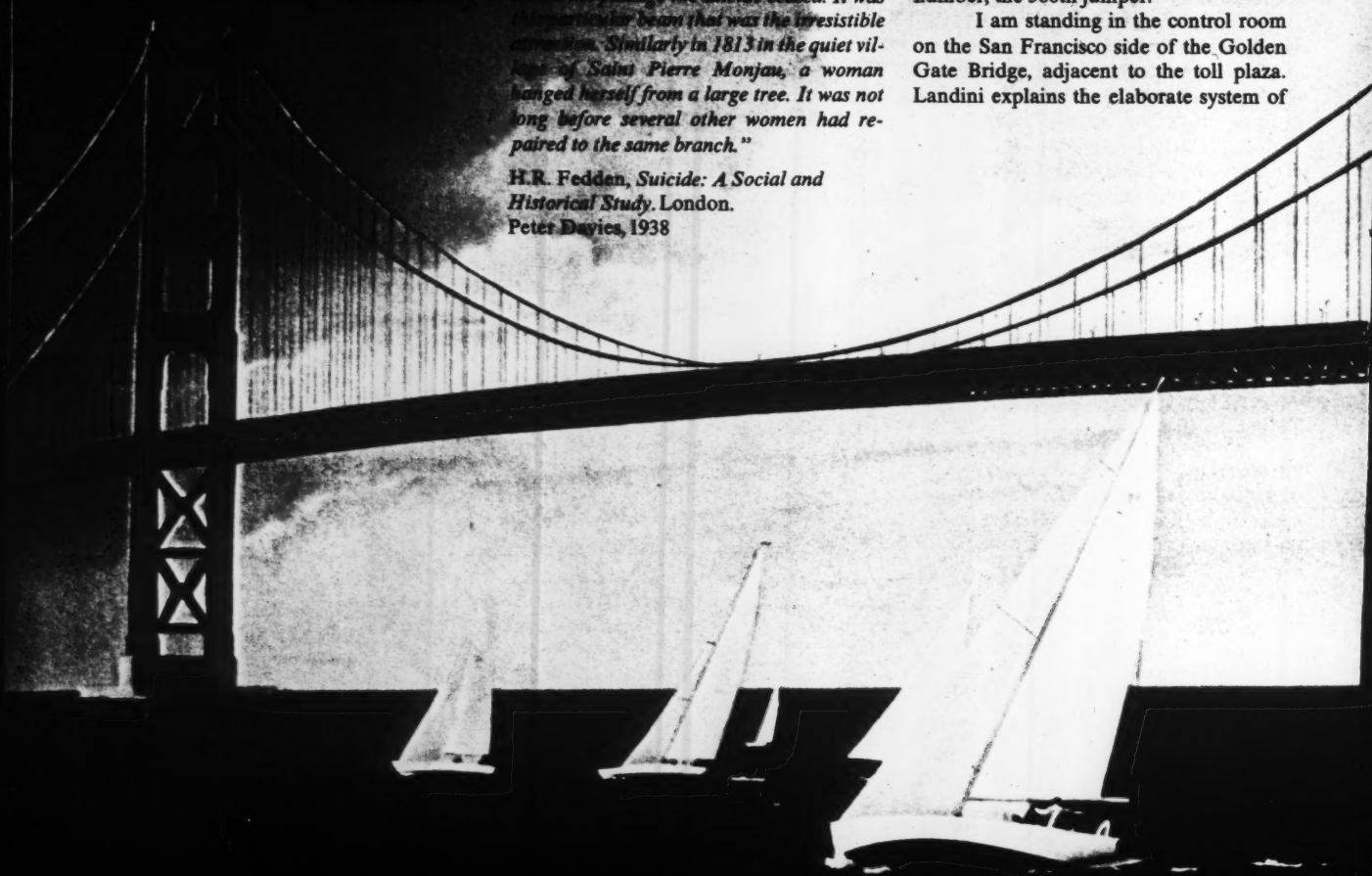
Gate Bridge

[illegible] had been no suicide [illegible] when a soldier in 1792 [illegible] into his head to hang himself from a beam in one of the corridors. Within a short space of time twelve other invalidated soldiers (five of them within a fortnight) had followed his example, stringing themselves up to the same beam. When eventually the governor tardily but wisely closed the passage the suicide ceased. It was this particular beam that was the irresistible attraction. Similarly in 1813 in the quiet village of Saint Pierre Monjau, a woman hanged herself from a large tree. It was not long before several other women had repaired to the same branch."

H.R. Fedden, *Suicide: A Social and Historical Study*. London. Peter Davies, 1938

"We stopped about 30 people who wanted to be number 500," says Sergeant Lou Landini. "They were all kinds. Including one fellow with 500 written on a piece of cardboard attached to his back. He said he was Jesus Christ. We got calls, 'I'm coming out tonight at five o'clock. I'm gonna be 500.' The pressures built up here. We tried, but we couldn't stop that magic number, the 500th jumper."

I am standing in the control room on the San Francisco side of the Golden Gate Bridge, adjacent to the toll plaza. Landini explains the elaborate system of



closed circuit TV surveillance. He presses buttons to make the two remote control TV cameras do whatever he wishes. They are located on the lowest strut of each of the bridge's two towers. Swinging 360 degrees, they can take a wide-angle sweep of a bridge section or zoom in to pick up one individual near the rail. The control room is a mass of wires and new electronic equipment the day I visit. They are installing a second set of cameras, designed for low-level night viewing. Surveillance is a 24-hour-a-day activity.

"You'd think I'd just shrug it off when someone jumps," Landini says, "after 11 years in front of this console. But it turns my stomach."

I meet Landini, Sergeant Ray McGill, Captain Edward Ashoff and Lieutenant Ernie Arata. Together they have worked for 80 years on the suicide watch. The grand russet structure in front of them has been a platform since its opening in 1937 for 507 "confirmed suicides," based on body recovery or a witness seeing the body in the water. Students of bridge suicides suspect that this figure is a conservative estimate of the actual deaths from the bridge. How many others have jumped and been washed out to sea unrecorded?

Landini, McGill, Ashoff and Arata are four men who deal as intimately with this suicide phenomenon as anyone. They perform this part of their job dutifully, though they would prefer to avoid it. They are polite, but take no pleasure in talking about it. McGill spotted and stopped five potential jumpers, the record, in one eight-hour shift. I am impressed with their professionalism, their competence at procedures. They are men 40–60 years old who have moved up in the promotion line, greying about the temples. The deeper I get into the conversation, the less willing they are to generalize. Their smiles are grim. Each jumper seems to stand out like a separate wound in their memories. Each death throws everything into question so starkly. They remember actual or attempted death, but they don't philosophize.

"We stop about five people for every one who jumps," notes Ashoff, as we all watch the TV console screen. "At the discretion of the Highway Patrol, they are taken to a hospital in San Francisco for a 72-hour psychological evaluation. Those who go over the rail hit the water three seconds later. At 70 miles per hour. It's 226 feet down at midspan."

Tension in the control room lasts from sunrise to sunset, the time when most jumpers appear, the hours when the bridge is open to pedestrians.

"This is the only bridge in the Bay Area with a walkway," says McGill, "which explains some of the suicides. Some suicides leave their cars in the middle of the bridge, run to the edge and leap over. But more of them like to park, walk out, think it over and then jump."

After a few years here, I imagine, the watchers develop some proficiency at determining who will jump. How do you tell the tourists from the suicides?

Traffic officer Paul Deutsch of the California Highway Patrol has become somewhat of an expert at determining suicidal patterns.

"I watch the parking lot," he tells me. "If a car has a window open and it's raining. If the car sits at Vista Point in Marin County or at the toll station for more than a few hours. These are the signs. Is there a billfold or a note on the seat? If there is, then I forcibly enter the car. Probably we're dealing with a suicide. Sometimes I'm fooled, of course. There have been people who bring their cars out here, leave a suicide note and then drop from sight."

The continuing bridge suicides work like a psychic fallout of California's explosive, frenetic life

If a person does go over the rail, Deutsch notifies the Coast Guard, which immediately dispatches a 44-foot motor launch from a station inside the bay, near the bridge.

At Fort Point Coast Guard Station I meet John Svendson, a massive, balding red-haired Swede who runs the launch. He is a powerful looking man and wears a blue workshirt. The Coast Guard people call him "Ole" for short. Ole and the other officers are housed in a prime little installation that resembles a New England coastal house. The scene is almost picturesque. But the job is grim. There is tension afloat when we arrive. The CHP doesn't appear unless there's trouble. Has someone jumped? They are relieved to learn that there is only a journalist afoot.

"I recovered about ten bodies last year," notes Ole. "But I lost twice that many. The tide moves at 7 miles per hour. The wind can blow ferociously from the west. Tremendous cross-currents around the bridge can pull a body under. Did you know that the water is 300 feet deep at the bridge? Sometimes the body comes up days later, sometimes never.

Often they are scarcely disfigured. It all depends on how they hit. I recovered one fellow who had sandals on when he jumped. He had both these sandals on when we found him. On the other hand, I saw a jumper who wore laced-on boots. The impact was so great that one boot was ripped off his foot. Sometimes the sharks get the body," continues Ole. "I picked up one woman who floated up toward Alcatraz. The sharks had pretty well cleaned her off."

Ole pauses, looks at me soberly and observes, "I can write these recovery reports in the dark by now. They are all alike. Cadaver found, et cetera. The only thing I change is the time."

As I look out the control room window at this most-photographed man-made structure on the earth, I think of Jeff, who lived in the house next to mine. He was a young man of 21 who appeared no more troubled than dozens of people I could mention. I didn't know him well enough to call him a close friend. Last year he became jumper 493.

There seems nothing sinister about the bridge as I look out, and perhaps that is part of its attraction. Its sweeping lines pick up the measured roundness of the Marin County hills to the north. The subdued color of Golden Gate paint, called "International Orange," mirrors a rust hue in the rocks of the Marin headlands and complements the blue-green vegetation of the chaparral flora in spring as well as the brown cast of the hills in summer and fall. The sky is a bright blue and the air pushing through the Golden Gate is as pure as any I am likely to breathe.

Crowds of Japanese tourists gather before this national shrine, complete with its statue of "the man who built the bridge," engineer Joseph Strauss. The Japanese, in neat, smiling rows, line up for pictures before the bridge and the stately, weathered statue of Strauss, amidst the marigolds and snapdragons and carefully manicured grass. Beside them, on permanent display, lies a section of cable, 36 inches in diameter, surely one of the most solid and most stable objects in this country of geographic and psychic earthquakes.

The view does not strain the word spectacular. The sky, the bay and the headlands meet in pleasing proportion. The bridge itself may be the one human artifact on earth about which people feel a unanimous affection. It enhances the setting. It belongs there. Has anyone ever

The author is a free lance who lives in Woodside, California.

suggested tearing it down? In this setting of great beauty and almost classic proportion, this salute to the more aesthetic and balanced aspects of the human spirit, perhaps 1,000 people have ended their lives.

While living in the Bay Area for the past eight years, I have gradually become aware of Golden Gate Bridge suicides both as fact and presence. Newspapers and TV dutifully report each bridge suicide as a running box score. Perhaps some of the victims feel a pleasure in the notoriety of their act, a universal death announcement, and a departure that, physically, harms no one else, in contrast with a purposeful auto crash.

The continuing bridge suicides, climbing numerically, work like a psychic fallout of California's explosive, frenetic life. This fallout tends to disintegrate what steadiness the ambiance offers, reminding everyone of the craziness at large in the area around San Francisco, which has the second-highest suicide rate in the nation.

Each year, 5 to 10 percent of San Francisco's suicides take place from the bridge, making it *the place* with which self-inflicted death is associated.

A friend, Helen, recently took her daughter, Alison, 14, to New York. After they looked around New York, Alison said, "Mom, they don't have a bridge as spectacular as the Golden Gate. Where do they do it?"

"Do what?"

"Oh, kill themselves."

Alison had never mentioned suicide to her mother before, but the bridge has clearly found its way into her consciousness. When I have walked or bicycled across the Golden Gate, I have noticed a tension. I look over the rail. The serene blue face of the water lies immediately below. I wonder if someone in the crowd is looking at the water and thinking of jumping.

Steven Houg, 26, jumped unnoticed and became the bridge's 500th victim. His body was sighted on rocks below the north tower on the east side of the bridge, at 6:35 p.m., Wednesday, October 10, 1973. Houg was a blood technician at Franklin Hospital and lived in a commune at 1126 Haight Street. He was estranged from his wife, Karen, a hospital worker in Monterey.

The Highway Patrol found his pickup truck parked at Vista Point on the north end of the bridge. He had written his suicide note in a weekly reminder book that he used as a calendar and diary. The Marin County deputy coroner, Keith Craig, reported that Houg's note "wasn't sad or mad at anybody, but he just felt this was the thing to do."

Suicide claimed the lives of 35,000 Californians in the 1960s. About 25,000 people commit suicide in the United States each year, while another 125,000 are treated for such attempts. About 5 million living Americans have tried to kill themselves directly. The World Health Organization estimates that worldwide about 1,000 people commit suicide daily. Suicide is the twelfth most prominent cause of death in the United States, but seventh in San Francisco.

Statistical evidence tends to illuminate who jumps from the Golden Gate Bridge and why. University of California's Dr. Richard Seiden and his assistant, Kathy Tomlinson, are the most assiduous students of the bridge.

Their studies show, first, that the bridge itself, as much as suicide, is morbidly fascinating to people who attempt to destroy themselves here. In flirting with death, the prospective bridge jumper is not promiscuous. Of the 450 people who have been talked off the rail and prevented from ending their lives here, only 4 percent have gone on to suicide in some other form. This data weakens the assertion, "If they don't jump from the bridge, they'll kill themselves in some other way." The bridge itself appears fatally attractive.

The experts on this question, of course, are the handful of people, 7 against 512, who have survived jumping off the bridge. Pondering this mystique of the bridge, one of Seiden's colleagues, Dr. David Rosen of the Langley-Porter Institute in San Francisco, decided to ask the survivors if they had any other plan for killing themselves. He was able to locate three of the survivors. Each reported no other suicide plan. One said, "I was attracted to the bridge. An affinity between me, the Golden Gate Bridge and death. There is a kind of form to it, a certain grace and beauty. The Golden Gate Bridge is readily available and it is con-

nected with suicide." Another survivor associated jumping from the Golden Gate Bridge with entering the "golden doors," leaving the material realm and entering the spiritual realm. "It was the Golden Gate or nothing," he said. "I believed it was the way." The third survivor asserted that jumping off the Golden Gate was "a romantic thing to do" and that it assured "certain death in a painless manner."

Another notable trend: the age of jumpers has fallen rapidly. The average male jumper in the late 1930s was 55.1 years old; his counterpart in the past few years is 30.4. The average female jumper in the late 1930s was 41.8; her parallel in recent years is 32.3. The typical jumper is a white male in his early 30s.

The number of jumpers and would-be jumpers has accelerated with each passing decade: the 1940s, 96; 1950s, 264 and 1960s, 542.

Almost all "successful" and "unsuccessful" jumpers come from the immediate Bay Area, within an easy commute and within the range of the local media. San Francisco leads the other Bay counties. 1971 was a representative year, statistically: 18 from San Francisco, 8 from East Bay areas such as Oakland and Berkeley, 8 from Marin County to the north, 9 from the Peninsula region to the south and 7 from other parts of California. In 1971 there were no out-of-state suicides or attempted suicides from the bridge. In the entire history of the bridge there have been only ten non-Californian suicides or attempted suicides. The remarkable conclusion is that the bridge exerts its dark intoxication only locally. Out-of-staters come to photograph and enjoy the Golden Gate Bridge, but they don't jump from it.

Another myth about jumpers from the bridge runs, "They're new arrivals in California who couldn't cope with the hard-living, hard-drinking life in the West." Since the Gold Rush, San Francisco has enjoyed perversely her reputation as a tough but elegant city, with many suicides and much cirrhosis of the liver. But the average jumper has lived in the Bay Area for ten years, which parallels the normal mobility of the population. The jumpers are not new arrivals who burned out.

Statistics cannot quantify why people choose the Golden Gate, though they can establish that people choose the Golden Gate for its mystique. Many suicides drive across the Bay Bridge to reach the Golden Gate for their final act. The Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate were completed at roughly the same time, 1936–1937, and both have proximity to population and equally high spans, 220 feet; but only 120 suicides have taken place off the Bay Bridge, as compared with the 512 off the Golden Gate. The one difference between the two bridges is that the Golden Gate has a walkway, improving the accessibility for pedestrians, but until the mid-1960s more drivers than pedestrians jumped from the Golden Gate, so the walkway alone can't account for the discrepancy. Mystique is the variable, difficult to quantify. One doesn't hear as much about suicide off the Bay Bridge. Like Oakland, the Bay Bridge isn't glamorous.

Lieutenant Ernie Arata takes me out on a bridge patrol in his tow truck. When a person is reported on the rail, a tow truck is sent rather than a police car. Jumpers have been found to possess an innate curiosity about the tow truck. Who's in trouble? Where is it going? This distraction has brought many people back from the rail. The tow truck is a symbolic rescue vehicle. A police car has been found to produce too dramatic an effect on the jumper. Some break down in tears. They feel either caught or saved. Others see the police car coming and try to escape by jumping.

Arata has been a "body" man for the past 13 years. The captain and sergeants man the TV consoles, determining whether someone on the bridge appears suicidal. They decide when some action

"I didn't want to die that way. I wanted to die in an aesthetic way. I didn't want to . . . be icky gooey"

should be taken. When Arata receives the order from them, he roars out in his tow truck. He does nothing until sent. If sent, he can arrive anywhere on the bridge in about three minutes. Arata must then try to talk the person back if the would-be jumper is already on the "cord," the square girder outside the rail.

Several bridge ironworkers volunteer themselves to be on call, 24 hours a day, to help talk down someone who has climbed up on the cables or under the superstructure.

"If the body is in the water," says Arata, "I throw a drift marker over, so the Coast Guard boat can follow the body in the current. I try to keep sight of the body."

Do suicides tend to jump from the center, the highest point?

"They drop from all over, but perhaps there are more in the center than anywhere else. Many jumpers don't realize that there is water under only the center of the bridge. Two jumpers have gone through the roof of the old army installation below the San Francisco side of the bridge. I'm talking about Fort Point. One man's leg was left on the roof. That's what makes me retch.

"On the Marin side of the bridge," he continues, "I saw a beautiful young lady who landed on a fence around the base of the abutment. Her body was disemboweled and slit apart, but her face was completely fresh and untouched. It was sickening. I waited for the coroner to come before moving her. He wrapped her up in a rubber sheet. Did you hear about the body that recently got up and walked toward me?"

I had heard about this miraculous survival of late January. Anyone who reads the newspaper or watches TV in the Bay Area couldn't have missed it. John Wallace Adams, 21, a Stanford University student, jumped off the bridge near the north tower. He fell 180 feet down to an area of sand and jagged rocks called Lime Point.

"I scooted out in the tow truck to the reported jumping point," says Arata. "And I looked over the side. There's the body sprawled out on the ground, 180 feet below. I said to myself, 'He's a goner.' Last year we had a painter drop less distance than that. He never regained consciousness. I look down at the body again and it seems to me I see a hand move, but maybe my imagination is playing tricks. I speed down to that area in the tow truck. And what do I find? The body gets up and walks toward me in a daze."

John Wallace Adams became the seventh jumper to survive. Perhaps the ski jacket he was wearing helped, filling with air as he fell, cushioning the impact. He was heavily drugged on 11 tablets of depressants, which probably relaxed his body during the fall. But even then, he has a charmed life. He escaped with only two collar-bone separations. Adams is the exception. The certainty of death adds to the appeal of suicide from the bridge.

Arata's missions with the tow truck seldom end so happily. Occasionally, the jumper is armed with a pistol or knife. Sometimes he or she has extraordinary strength because of the body's natural powers under heightened tension or because drugs may be stimulating the muscles. Some prospective jumpers physically resist Arata's efforts to restrain them. Some break down and cry out bitterly, "Why didn't you let me die?" Others respond sadly, "Yes, I wanted to jump." Some express gratitude that he has "saved" them at this last moment.

"When I woke up, I said to myself, 'Oh, shit. Not another day of misery.' Then I heard the wind and the rain beating against the window of our apartment in Pacifica, and I looked at the window. And I said, 'God, I hate this apartment. I really hate this apartment. And my wife, why does she hound me all the time? She never, never leaves me alone. My God, I am not going to go on living like this.' "

Such were Hank Harrington's waking thoughts on the morning of November 11, 1971, a crisis in his life, a day on which he was destined to become the sixth survivor among jumpers from the Golden Gate Bridge.

Here is his story, verbatim, as made available to this writer on a tape from Dr. Richard Seiden.

"I said to myself, 'I'm going to kill myself. I'm going to do it as soon as possible. I'm going to start doing it now.' I took my car out to the bridge and I parked in the lot. And then I walked out onto the bridge. I didn't really have any thoughts. I remember looking at the bridge and saying how beautiful it was. There was mist and rain and fog . . . that bridge is so beautiful! I was marching forward, I was going to fulfill my destiny, I was going to do what I wanted to do, which was jump, and I got about halfway up to the first tier of the bridge when I heard a voice. It was the first time this has ever happened to me. I guess they call it an 'auditory hallucination.' I heard a voice. I spoke, but I didn't form the words. And the voice had a certain timbre, a certain quality to it.

"It said, 'Why are you giving up, Hank?'

"And I remember yelling back at it, 'Because I'm so goddamned tired.'

"Then there was silence and I walked out onto the bridge. I put myself over the rail. I was just holding on, getting up my strength and courage to let go. At that point a man came running at me out of the fog. He came racing towards me. He was cursing and swearing, and I'd just had it, with everything. I said, 'Fuck you,' to that man who was running toward me. I said, 'Fuck you,' and then I let go."

Born in San Francisco, oldest of five children in an Irish immigrant family, Hank was educated in Catholic schools and graduated in English from Santa Clara University. He had one marked physical problem, a stutter, but got through school in spite of it. He took a master's degree at Loyola University in Chicago.

Returning to the Coast, Hank earned a junior college teaching credential at San Jose State, but the stuttering got worse and he couldn't hope to teach. He married, did military service as a radioman in Southeast Asia and returned to California, where he went to work for the Internal Revenue Service in Ukiah. The stuttering was under control.

In 1968 he and his family, by then a wife and two children, returned to San Francisco. Hank moved up grades in the Internal Revenue bureaucracy. His caseload increased. Then in January, 1971, the stuttering became worse and worse, until he could barely say his name at work. Strangely, at home the stuttering abated. His wife did not understand this.

The stuttering became so bad that Hank requested, and received, a transfer to another IRS office in Fresno, where he would have little speech contact. He bought a house in Fresno. The family was preparing to move there, about the middle of November, when the events of November 11 intervened. Hank had contemplated suicide as early as February, shortly after the stuttering problem arose in an acute form. He had received some therapy at the San Mateo Health Clinic for his psychological distress after he confided his suicidal thoughts to his wife.

What were his impressions on the way down?

"The first sensation, say for the first

half of the trip, was that I felt like a sea gull. I felt, 'Jesus this is beautiful.' I was just kinda gliding down, with my arms outstretched. It was fun. I was just kinda floating on down, taking it all in. I don't know if I was grinning or not. I really enjoyed the ride down.

"Until I got about halfway down. Then I looked to where I was heading. I was headed right for the concrete base, the circular concrete ring that is around the first tower. I was headed dead on for that concrete ring.

"I didn't want to die that way. I wanted to die in an aesthetic manner. I didn't want to crack up on a piece of cement and be icky gooey. So I tried to push myself outward into the bay. And the goddamned wind kept pushing me back in. I kept trying to push myself back out. Time was getting short.

"That concrete pier was starting to get bigger and bigger. It was starting really to loom on me, so I kept trying to get on the outside, the wind kept pushing me in, and at the last minute I said OK. At the last moment I shifted with the wind and I was aiming for the pool of water, the circular pool of water down there at the foot of the bridge tower. And I made it. By the grace of God I happened to land feet first inside this body of water, and my back cracked against the concrete.

"Then I blacked out for a minute or two. When I came to, I was calling for help. I was calling on God. I was saying in a broken voice, 'Help me! Help me!' I swam from where I was in the pool of water over to the base of the tower. I was drowning. There was no place to hang on. I was starting to gulp water. I was saying, 'Help me! Help me!'

"And then, call it the luck of the Irish, call it a miracle, call it what you will. I was scratching on, I guess, iron and steel. I was scratching for something to hold onto. There was nothing except smooth surface. Suddenly, with my finger, my index finger, I caught a small nub, just a little tiny nub of that concrete base. I caught onto it and held on.

"And believe me, it gave me . . . it was what I needed. It allowed me to hang on. And I was still yelling, 'Help me! Help me!' I was talking to God. I was asking for help. I was pretty much of an agnostic, pretty much of a skeptic. I had read Voltaire's book *Candide*, and it really . . . I did not have a strong faith.

"This sounds confusing. But I was very skeptical about God, about Jesus Christ, about the New Testament. I was a skeptic. I was an agnostic. But when I heard that voice, 'Why are you giving up, Hank?' Man, there was authority, and tenderness, and power behind that voice. And while I was in the water, drowning, I was shouting, 'Help me! Help me!' I was talking to God. I think that was the moment I began to change my lifestyle.

"I began to practice Christianity when I was in the water, yelling, 'Help me! Help me!' That was the beginning of my practice of Christianity.

"My wife and I are getting a divorce. As far as she was concerned, I couldn't be trusted anymore. I was too crazy even to be around the children. So she broke from me. She saw me a couple of times at the Veterans Hospital in Menlo Park. Then I received a letter from her to the effect that she would not be coming again. And that she would be filing for divorce. That's where we stand now.

"My children went through trauma when I jumped. The child who was really hurt was my daughter, Sandy, because she was watching television one night and they actually showed on television how I jumped. They gave it a fair amount of coverage. I think it was Channel 7. And according to my wife, my daughter started crying and was really broken up.

"In regard to my son, Daniel, I don't think he realized what happened. He thinks I fell off the bridge, rather than jumped. I'll tell him the truth about it when he's older and when he asks me. For the present, I think he'd better go along with the idea that I fell off."

Those who go over the rail hit the water 3 seconds later. At 70 miles per hour. It's 226 feet down

Hank was 36 years old then, the day he dropped 220 feet into the water, but somehow survived. He spent 14 months in the hospital after his jump, repairing his battered body and mending his mind. His wife has moved the children to another California city. Sometimes Hank talks to them over the phone. Divorce is pending.

Today Hank lives in a cluttered apartment in San Francisco, surrounded by books, especially literature by Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler and Ross MacDonald. Prematurely grey, but otherwise looking younger than his years, Hank is a stocky man with a butch crew cut. He does not appear to be a man with whom one would associate an act of violence. He lives comfortably on a $700 disability pension, spending part of his time here and part in hospitals. His hands, small for his body, glance over the typewriter daily as he writes and rewrites his story, trying to make it complete. His working title for the manuscript is *The Story of My Life . . . Will It Ever End???*

In modern times more suicides have taken place at the Golden Gate Bridge than at any other single location in the Western world. At the Empire State Building in New York City, 16 persons killed themselves between 1931 and 1947, the year a fence was constructed. In the six years after a West Coast veterans hospital, for older soldiers, opened in 1954, 25 suicides occurred there, 23 from jumping out windows. Then mechanical "stops" were put on the windows. In 1961 there were two suicides, in which patients smashed windows and jumped out. In the following years there were no suicides. 352 people jumped from Paris' Eiffel Tower before a fence was erected in 1968. In the 1930s the Mihara Volcano in Japan became the suicide site for thousands, 619 in 1936 alone. Special charter boats brought tourists to the hotels and restaurants that sprang up when this volcano became a notorious suicide site. The government first passed a law making it illegal to buy a one-way excursion ticket. When the phenomenon reached epidemic proportions, a barrier was built and patrolled by guards.

More relevant to California, perhaps, is the experience of the Arroyo Seco Bridge near Pasadena. This overland highway bridge spans a water-carved gully near the Pasadena Rose Bowl. Between 1913 and 1936, 80 people plunged to their death here. Since a barrier was put up in 1936, there has been one suicide.

The Golden Gate Bridge exercises an intoxicating attraction for suicide-prone people. Expert opinion on this subject comes from the seven survivors of bridge jumps. Cornelia Van Ireland was first, in 1941. During the 1960s Tom Tawyer, Gene Robens, James C. Layton and Thomas C. Baker III survived. So far in the 1970s Hank Harrington and John Wallace Adams have survived. Several survivors have been polled by Dr. David Rosen of the Langley-Porter Institute on the proposed barrier. One said, "The bridge is too tempting to people who are distressed or disturbed. They should put up a barrier." Another said, "If there had been a barrier on the bridge I would have gone home and forgotten about it." And another, "It would discourage suicidal persons. A barrier would enable people to think and possibly change their minds." All the survivors interviewed favored a barrier. All had only one "suicide plan," jumping from the bridge. None of the survivors has gone on to commit suicide in some other form. And, as mentioned, only

Henry Harrington, a man more rare than the Apostles. He can tell you about his leap from Golden Gate. It was not lethal. It was exhilarating.

4 percent of the 450 people restrained from jumping off the bridge have committed suicide elsewhere.

No precipitate action will be taken on a barrier. The bridge directors have approved wind-tunnel tests on an eight-foot barrier of vertical rods, pencil thin, each rod made of high tensile steel and spaced at four-inch intervals. The top inches of each rod would slope inward, forcing body weight on the climber's wrists, precluding jumps by all but the most acrobatic. Discussion of the barrier has technical, aesthetic, monetary and philosophic aspects.

The bridge responds dynamically to the prevailing wind from the west. Any new impediment on the bridge that adds to the wind resistance could have disastrous effects. The dead weight carried by the bridge can only be increased to a point. Bridge workers must also have constant access to the sides of the structure for painting and repair. The technical problems can be solved by the trade-off of replacing the current rail with steel rods.

Changing the appearance of the bridge in any manner provokes the outcry that a national shrine is being desecrated. The argument runs: would we alter the Statue of Liberty? A walker on the bridge would view the bay through thin rods. Motorists on the bridge couldn't see the bay. It is feared that accidents on the bridge would increase as drivers climb up on each other's bumpers while watching the sailboats.

The cost of the barrier is another issue. Where would the $1-2.5 million needed for the barrier come from? Tolls are the bridge district's sole means of support. Recently car tolls were raised from 50 to 75 cents to help subsidize mass transit across the bridge. 32 new buses will be purchased to convey riders from Marin County to San Francisco. The bridge directors hope to have 50 percent of all bridge patrons riding mass transit by 1980.

Would a barrier deprive people of the "right" to kill themselves? Certainly they would be required to kill themselves elsewhere. Psychologist Seiden challenges the assumption that the bridge district must provide an exotic suicide platform for the public. He believes that some enterprising lawyer will file a class action suit against the bridge directors, on behalf of the 512 victims, charging that the bridge is an "attractive nuisance," much as one would sue someone for maintaining a dangerous, unattended swimming pool open to the public. Seiden favors a barrier because, he believes, it would "save lives," based on his statistics that people would not kill themselves in some other way and his conviction that the proximity of the bridge aggravates the temporary passion of suicide. "Suicide has been called a permanent solution to a temporary problem," he observes.

"I'll give you another example of removing one mode of suicide," Seiden continues. "Consider England. The country changed stove fuel from lethal gas extracted from coke to less toxic natural gas from the North Sea. Coincidentally, the number of suicides in the country dropped by one-third. I see a partially causal pattern. People who couldn't kill themselves by sticking their heads in ovens were not sufficiently motivated to seek another means."

I ask Seiden if suicide notes from the bridge jumpers reveal an attitude toward the bridge.

"Occasionally they do," he says. "When I read one note I had to stop and think. Speaking of the bridge, the note cried out, 'Why did you make it so easy?' "●

NEW TIMES CHARTER SUBSCRIBE

If you subscribe now, you can still get Charter savings of $6. You'll get Charter privileges and the lowest possible rates on gifts and renewals. The right to cancel any time you find yourself less than completely involved.

Involvement is what makes NEW TIMES, The Feature News Magazine, different. We don't care what the other media are writing for each other. Our only criteria for a story is whether it really relates to the different way you think and feel and live today.

Times are changing. From Tallahassee to Terre Haute, men and women like you are demanding a new kind of humanism from government, from business, from the medical establishment, from the arts, from your communities, from yourselves. People like you are asking questions no one ever had the guts to ask before. And our team of prize-winning writers and bright young journalists are right out there, digging up the answers for you.

Commager. Rapoport. Breslin. Seligson. Royko.

We've had Henry Steele Commager dispel our national fear of impeachment. Let Roger Rapoport expose the doctors who sell their patients to hospitals for money. Prompted Jimmy Breslin to tell us why he thinks Nixon is the Protestant Joey Gallo. Encouraged Marcia Seligson to interview the new breed of sex therapists who do more than just talk. Given Mike Royko the go-ahead to delve into Chicago's changing attitudes toward corruption.

In NEW TIMES you get: Larry L. King on "President" Ford. Timothy Crouse on Bobby Byrd and the politics of wheedling. Johnny Greene on Patrick Buchanan, the last survivor in Nixon's White House. Marshall Frady on Tassy and Johnny, the first black mayor of Tuskegee and his wife who is white. Mark Goodman on John Glenn's newest earth walk. Ron Rosenbaum on the promo, the parties, and everything but the long, boring Super Bowl Game itself.

Davidson. Terkel. Hamill. Sayre. Halberstam. Greene.

Gloria Emerson on a recent Hanoi Hilton reunion. Thomas Thompson on the California legislators who are looking for a better way to kill. Sara Davidson on the renegade doctors who are soaking

NEW TIMES

A little honesty $6.00

4030

☐ Yes, I want to be a Charter Subscriber to NEW TIMES. Start my subscription and send me 26 issues for only $6 — half the regular subscription rate of $12. I understand I will receive the lowest possible prices on renewals and gifts, and that I may cancel at any time, receiving a full refund on any unmailed issues.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 980
BOULDER, CO.

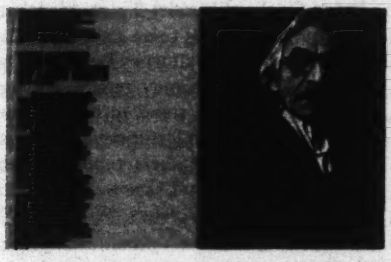
BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NEW TIMES
P.O. BOX 2948
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

PERIOD ENDS JUNE 30. NOW! SAVE $6!

up money in the Mexican sun. Studs Terkel on truck drivers, their feelings of betrayal, and their new forms of protest. Pete Hamill on the opening of the $107-million Las Vegas palace



that is MGM's legacy—and its bomb. Nora Sayre on Maharaj Ji, the Rolls Royce-driving teenage guru. David Halberstam on how the press has helped Nixon fool the people. Bob Greene on whether or not The Senate is ready for Howard Cosell.

People. Places. Local color. Letters. Questions. Answers.

NEW TIMES introduces you to country music stars, former POWs, pols, poets, corporate bigwigs, philosophers, truckers, teachers, drop-outs, drop-ins. We take you to cities, towns, and suburbs across the country where things are happening that affect the way you live and love, work and play. And speaking of play, we bring you the kind of book, television, music, and movie reviews that help you get the most out of every leisure minute.

NEW TIMES selects Washington's ten dumbest Congressmen; wonders if Jesus can save Charles Colson; follows the new political wife, no more Mrs. Nice Guy; invites you to the Southern plantation they call the Supreme Court; discusses the sociology and physiology of bisexuality; ponders the reasons the Golden Gate Bridge has such appeal for suicides; brings you extraordinary new birth techniques from France; wonders with you why California children seem so clean, wet, and distant.

In every issue of NEW TIMES, The Feature News Magazine, we'll try to bring you something that tells you more about yourself, your

friends, and what's really going on in this country today. A big promise, but one we'd like to live up to, starting with the very next issue.

A Charter Subscription invitation to save $6.

If you act immediately with the attached card, you may have one year of NEW TIMES—26 issues—for just $6. That's half the regular subscription rate of $12. As a Charter Subscriber, you'll always receive preferential rates on future renewals and gift subscriptions. And if you ever feel you're getting too involved with NEW TIMES, you can cancel and receive a full refund on any unmailed issues.

NEW TIMES
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

The courtroom artist,
who has such brilliant antecedents as Daumier
and Ben Shahn, is increasingly in demand these days

The trial of art

By Mark Goodman

It is early of a recent Wednesday afternoon at the federal courthouse in New York's Foley Square. The conspiracy trial of John Mitchell and Maurice Stans is recessed for lunch, and the crowd in the halls attests to the poverty of the Foley Square menu. At one time or another, nearly everyone is drawn to the sketch pad of one of the few people actually working—Aggie Whelan, who plies her swift pastels for the CBS network news.

Mark Goodman, a New York free lance, is a frequent contributor to NEW TIMES.

"There's never a decent place to work in that pressroom," she says politely, her eyes never moving from the sketch. "The hall isn't great, but it's the best I can do."

She is understating the unfortunate working conditions in the courthouse pressroom. Marilyn Church of the New York *Times* is propped up on the corner of a desk with her pad, Ida Libby Dengrove of NBC is sketching on a filing cabinet, Joe Papin of the *Daily News* is sitting on top of a desk; the television artists are concentrating on close-ups of Mitchell, while Papin outlines the broad courtroom structure in pen-and-ink. Marilyn is under particular pressure: she must meet a 2 p.m. deadline for a television news service before she does her *Times* sketches. Somehow they all manage to gather their gear and make it to the courtroom in time to beat Judge Gagliardi's strict 2 p.m. reconvening. A shock awaits them and the rest of the room. Defense attorney Peter Fleming Jr. calls former attorney general Richard Kleindienst to the stand to refute a key piece of John Dean testimony. The artists look accusingly at their reporters, who simply shrug. Nobody knew, nobody has any preliminary sketches. Well, back to the drawing board. . . .

Mitchell by Marilyn Church: "I already had him in a chair, so I rubbed it out and put a witness box around him."

That is par for the frantic course the reporter-artists follow these days. "I used to do a lot of illustrative work on the side," says Aggie Whelan, "but there just hasn't been much time in the last couple of years." True. There's Mitchell and Stans and Liddy and Vesco and the Unfortunate Eight and the Virulent Nine and the Disagreeable Dozen and Alice Crimmons and Dr. Montemarano and now the Henley trials and surely more Watergates and all the other legal sideshows of a civilization dangling over perdition's pit like a Cotton Mather congregation. Since the court is just about the last American fastness forbidden to the camera, the courtroom artist is increasingly in demand nowadays. This holds especially true for television, but also for the newspapers, which haven't even the reporter-on-the-courthouse-steps gambit to fall back on.

Theirs is scarcely a new discipline. As Leo Hershfeld, elder statesman of courtroom artists, once observed: "This is the recrudescence, not of an art form, but of a reportorial form that existed until this century, when newspapers sent artist-reporters to cover fires, court proceedings, even battles. I don't know what the future of the form is, but done right it's very effective; the artist can give the viewer a good idea of what is going on, with a few lines and a little bit of color." And if those few lines and bits of color aren't timeless art, they are timely journalism that give exciting breadth and depth to stories so few can see.

The artist can trace his heritage back to the Romans, when the facile hands that limned Senate portraits worked side-by-side with the honored scribes. Beyond Charles Dickens the most important courtroom reporter of the 19th century was the brilliant French satirical artist, Honoré Daumier. The U.S. has its own special tradition of storytelling sketches. Paul Revere did copper engravings for the *Royal American* magazine, and Winslow Homer led a whole battalion of artists onto the bloody battlefields of Virginia and Tennessee for magazines such as *Harper's Weekly* and *Leslie's*. Their splendid graphic depictions of the Civil War's lightning and thunder were overshadowed by the stark immediacy of the pictures sent home by a new sort of artist, Mathew Brady.

The artist-reporter clung hard to his station into this century: witness the enduring work done by Ben Shahn at the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. The photographer was king, however, until he grossly overextended himself at the Lindbergh kidnapping trial of 1935 and found himself and his popping flashbulbs permanently ejected from all federal, and nearly all state, courts. Leo Hershfeld himself did much to revitalize the art in the '50s with his coverage of the McCarthy censure hearings for NBC.

But if the pay and prestige of the job have increased in recent times, so have the pressures and perils. Joe Papin of the *News* discovered just how perilous his job could be two years ago while covering the trial of mobster Carmine "The Snake" Persico. It seems the judge had barred all press—artists included—from the courtroom because of a leaked interview from his chambers. "There was at least a narrow slit in the doors," Papin recalls, "so I tried sketching Persico through the crack with other reporters and artists stacked on top of me like monkeys. Suddenly some big guy bellied into me and growled, 'You got one for the boss?' I said, 'What are you talking about?' and went on sketching. So he bumped me again and said, 'You better watch out.'" The man turned out to be Persico's feared bodyguard, Apples MacIntosh.

Most of Papin's troubles, however, are internal. In the rough-and-tumble world of the *Daily News* picture department, Papin, a staffer, is one artist amid 55 photographers. He is grateful that the *News* is paying more attention to graphics these days but says, "Photography being the lowest common denominator of recognizability, it's difficult to persuade editors to use the nuance of graphics. I once overheard an editor tell a cameraman, 'Get on the ball and get that picture or we'll have to use the cartoonist.' That's me." Recently, in the crucial closing days

Donald Nixon testifying, by Aggie Whelan of CBS, the youngest but most seasoned of the courtroom artists.

An 1848 Daumier: courtroom artists still see themselves as artistic historians.

of the Mitchell-Stans trial, Papin lost the space for a closely detailed courtroom scene to that *Daily News* staple, "the big-boobed broad from Sidney." Still Papin is confident that his skill will allow him to demonstrate to his editors that "there is more to a scene than a photo can capture, more than the fly on the sill or the sweat on the Coke bottle." As he puts it, "The thing about courtroom work is that I know enough about drawing and anatomy so that I'm not a prisoner of what I see. Security is good and tight at the Mitchell-Stans trial, and as an artist you're considered a bit of a freak anyway. But you draw from everything you know, not just what you see." Adds ABC's John Witt, the only artist who works in watercolors, "If you only drew what you saw, then you'd only get backs of heads. I've got to project myself behind the jury box or to the left of the witness stand. I try to zoom in on gestures and displays of emotions, as if I were a long-range camera."

Aggie Whelan has had to do some plain and fancy projecting in her time. The youngest but most seasoned of the courtroom artists, Aggie has had a few trials of her own. Such as the Bobby Seale trial in New Haven, Conn., where the judge arbitrarily banned the artists from any spot within a 500-foot radius of the courthouse. "The best we could do," Aggie remembers, "was to sit in the square across the street and sketch the defendants from a distance as they left the trial each day. Then I had to finish my sketches in the back seat of a little Triumph while we raced back to the CBS studios in New York."

A more important clash—indeed, one which charted the future of the craft—came last year in the case of the Gainesville Eight in Florida. It was a sensitive trial, since the men in the dock were dissident Vietnam veterans. Judge Winston Arnow ruled that no sketches were to be made in his court. He even barred Aggie from the courtroom, referring to her as a "telescopic lens" disrupting orderly proceedings. So Aggie simply returned to her motel room and polished off the sketches from memory. Judge Arnow wasn't having even that; CBS was ultimately fined $500 in a U.S. district court decision which, had it stood, would have sent the television and newspaper artists back to their Hallmark cards and book illustrations. The decision was overturned, though, in a circuit court of appeals in New Orleans.

Not that the job is all that easy once the artist gains access to the courtroom. "The Mitchell-Stans trial is representative of everything that is wrong with this job," Aggie says, and most of her fellow artists concur. Especially Marilyn Church, who is covering for both television and newspaper. Take, for example, the day Mitchell first appeared in his own defense.

"In the first place," says Marilyn, "the lighting is poor in the courtroom, and

Sacco and Vanzetti by Ben Shahn, a very partisan artist-observer.

Studies of Stans by Marilyn Church designed to catch his shifting moods while testifying.

we're a good 50 feet from the witness stand. Because of the distance and the angle [the stand is partially obscured from the press side by the judge's bench], there are only a few good sketching seats in the house. Usually, we get front-row preference, but not this time. The reporters that regularly cover the federal courts get first shot, and since this is an important trial, they're not going to relinquish those seats to us.

"There's a constant jockying for position between reporters and artists in the morning. I managed to get a pretty good seat, but soon realized that Mitchell wasn't going to get to the stand that morning—the lawyers were arguing some technicality." Marilyn, like the others, will admit that it is difficult to follow the trial's audio while concentrating so intently on the visual.

"Anyway," she continues, "I have to try to predict what is going to happen. I do work ahead a lot—I'm sketching all the time. In this case I had sketches of Mitchell ready. I only had him sitting in an ordinary chair, so I just rubbed it out and put a witness box around him."

Working in pastels, Marilyn finishes four sketches for the TV wire service by 1:45 p.m.—15 minutes before deadline. The TV crew is there waiting; they film her sketches and fire them out on the wire. Then she hustles back to the courtroom for the afternoon session, and Judge Gagliardi means hustle. (Once, when the trial was on the ninth floor, she and several reporters were stalled in the ancient courthouse elevator just long enough to find the doors locked. Marilyn did her sketching in the hall that afternoon.)

Marilyn continues: "I don't always have a battle plan, but today the *Times* editors told me to go ahead with my suggestion of a series of Mitchell's moods. This was a big day for him, since he was going on the stand for the first time in his defense, and this was all that could possibly save him. He was very tense—I could feel the stiffness in his body. But it was obvious that his lawyer had told him to look relaxed and make eye contact with the jury. In the first picture his shoulders are hunched and tight. In the second he's taken his glasses off and is talking more spontaneously. By the third he's turned to the jury and is playing to them, speaking calmly and trying to gain their confidence."

"If you only drew what you saw," says ABC's John Witt, "then you'd only get the backs of heads."

At the afternoon recess Marilyn flies back to the *Times* with her sketches. They must be finished, photographed in black-and-white, and made ready for the 5:15 picture conference with managing editor Abe Rosenthal. "Sometimes the editors come out and tell me that the story is not important enough for a picture," says Marilyn, "or that they've decided to go with an outside shot by the photographer, and that isn't much fun." No such disappointment this day: Marilyn gets an unheard-of three sketches of Mitchell on the front page.

The concrete reward for all this work is somewhere around $100 a day plus, in the case of all but the NBC artists, the right to sell the sketches later. Defendants are as vain as anyone else, and often pick favorite artists and ask for the sketches at trial's end. For instance, John Mitchell has watched only NBC news since the first days of the trial, and sometimes anoints artist Ida Libby Dengrove with a stage wink when he passes the press section.

Some of the artists think of their work as a major force. Says ABC's Witt: "There is a heritage of this sort of work in serious art—Daumier in France, Goya in Spain—making social comments on their times. Actually, they were artistic historians, and that is what I want to be."

Since immortality is reserved for the dead, however, it's best that the courtroom artists just keep up the good work and enjoy little gestures of appreciation—such as defense attorney Fleming's offer to take them all to dinner if Mitchell were to be acquitted.

Chow down, gang. ●

MOVIES

The look of love, after the revolution

By Frank Rich

Wouldn't you know that the best film to deal with sex and marriage so far in 1974 would turn out to be a Cuban movie made in 1969? Not even a whole movie, in fact, but just the final, 45-minute-long section of a 160-minute triptych that goes by the collective title of **Lucia.** Actually, my use of the word "best" is a bit on the hypothetical side, since, now that I think of it, now that I rummage through what I advisedly call my "files," I realize that there has not been a single other film to explore sex in connection with that most peculiar conjugal contract during this entire calendar year. Unless, that is, you want to count Sidney Lumet's *Lovin' Molly*—and who the hell would want to do an asinine thing like that?

But let me clear up this semantical confusion right away by saying that I come here not to damn "Lucia 196. ." (as the third section of Humberto Solas' film is titled) with faint praise. Even were the field crowded with contenders, this director's account of the first few months of a young couple's marriage in revolutionary Cuba would stand out as the small but undeniable masterpiece that I believe it to be. For many American audiences, "Lucia 196. ." may well come as a revelation—both for the enchanting manner with which it deals with its subject and, at an almost journalistic level, for what it has to say about the vitality of the social system and cultural life that have flourished in Cuba during the relatively short period since the ascendancy of Fidel Castro.

Though only just now fanning out around the country in commercial release, *Lucia* actually had an abortive American debut two years ago, when it was screened at a Cuban film festival in New York—an event that was shut down for paranoic political reasons by the same U.S. Treasury Department that was also busy at that time (if memory serves) making America safe for inflation. Despite its new lease on life, *Lucia*'s future is far from assured this year, not because of the machinations of Treasury, but because of the dwindling market for foreign films in this country, especially foreign films that are not the works of established European directors. If, by some chance, you are unable to avail yourself of *Lucia* in the town where you live, maybe the time has come to apply strong-arm tactics to the local theater owners—or, if that fails, move out.

"Lucia 196. ."—like the two parts of the trilogy that precede it, "Lucia 1895" and "Lucia 1933"—seeks to illuminate Cuba's national character at a specific point in history by telling us the story of a perhaps prototypical woman of its time. (Though each of the movie's three heroines is named Lucia, they are otherwise unrelated and are played by different actresses.) It's hardly surprising that the first two episodes of Solas' film (which deal with Cuba under the respective tyrannies of Spain and dictator Machado) are relentlessly somber in tone, while the mid-'60s, after-Castro finale is a truly ecstatic comedy.

Oddly enough, the basis for "Lucia 196. ."'s humor is an ancient farce idea that has, through history, served everyone from the Romans to the Restoration playwrights to Hollywood's TV sitcom producers: a couple of young newlyweds, crazy in love for each other, start to split apart when the husband suddenly becomes possessed by an overweening and completely groundless fear of being cuckolded. But the familiar takes on a wholly fresh slant in Solas' picture, which is set around the fields and single-family dwellings that form Lucia and husband Tomas' revolutionary commune. In this tightly knit neighborhood—bound together by party committee meetings, generally good-natured gossip and, of course, the day-to-day rigors of cooperative agricultural labor—Tomas' refusal to let his wife "be useful" (i.e., work or even leave the house) becomes an affront to the democratic ideals that are the society's most cherished shared possession.

Overnight Tomas, who is wonderfully played by Adolfo Llaurado, a Jeff Bridges type if ever there was one, metamorphoses from an ebullient young tyke, prone to smoking long cigars at a raffish angle and being the life of every party, to a morose recluse, isolated from his friends and apt to read an intimation of adultery into his wife's every gesture. In one hilarious high-comedy sequence, Tomas kicks Lucia's designated literary teacher from Havana (a representative

Party chieftain Angelina with young newlyweds Lucia and Tomas—before paranoia strikes—in Humberto Solas' *Lucia*.

of a successful mid-'60's Castro education program) out of the house when he spies the well-meaning man taking her hand to demonstrate how to write the letter "a."

The laughter comes because Solas refuses to take a dogmatic or frivolous view of his characters, making them neither ideological agitprops nor clowns. When Angelina, the salty tongued committee co-chairman, tells her husband one night that she longs for the time when someone "out of step" like Tomas would have been put "on a work gang or in the clink," it's hard for Solas or us to take her seriously. "Revolution or no revolution," as Angelina's husband explains in reply, "nothing will ever change that jackass. It's the way he was brought up [in pre-Castro Cuba]." Nor can Lucia abandon her marriage and "slave" status, as her friends implore her to do, for she was brought up the same way—and, besides, just loves her husband too much to leave him. Solas comes by his easygoing, tongue-in-cheek perspective on this counterrevolutionary couple quite naturally: he believes, as the film's climax makes clear, that later generations of revolutionary *sabras* will be free of these lingering vestiges of the discarded order.

All of this unfolds in an environment that the director delineates with great precision as well as with the same charming, wise-ass ambivalence that he brings to his protagonists' predicament. I'm especially fond of a scene in which the community gathers for a dance: suddenly the beer-swilling crowd of all ages parts to stare in overtly decadent awe at a woman with teased blond hair doing her idea of a hip capitalist frug. The other two parts of *Lucia*, though worth seeing, are less successful, at least partially because Solas must deal with social milieus he has not tasted firsthand; the earlier segments have a studied look about them. "Lucia 1933," does, however, feature the movie's best performance: Eslinda Nunez as a middle-class heroine who leaves the langorous, weatherbeaten and serenely melancholy landscape of the Keys, where her parents have a summer home, to join her lover in the anti-Machado underground.

Both "Lucia 1933" and "Lucia 1895" have the grainy feel of sorrowful scrapbook photographs from a past that is gone forever, but the fluid, airy lyricism of "Lucia 196. ." fits into another pictorial tradition—the classic cinematic rhapsodies of directors like Jean Renoir and Ernst Lubitsch. It is this aspect of Solas' work that separates him almost completely from Eastern European Marxist directors, including those of Dubcek's Golden Age Czechoslovakia and Tito's Yugoslavia. And, when Tomas tells Lucia things like "Let me give you some advice. Don't think too much—you'll wear out your brain," "Lucia 196. ." moves squarely into a verbal tradition, too—namely that of those still unmatched battles-between-the-sexes which sparked the '30s and '40s comedies of George Cukor and Howard Hawks.

I hasten to add that I do not say this in order to appropriate this Cuban artist for our own bourgeois culture; that would be impossible anyway, since so much of Solas' talent flows out of his love for his own country. Like fellow Cuban moviemaker Tomas Gutierrez Alea, whose 1968 *Memories of Underdevelopment* was one of the better films to open in the U.S. last year, Solas is no jingoistic nationalist, but a lover in the fullest sense—one given to idiosyncratic fluctuations in temperament and just as fond of his people for their follies as for their triumphs. His heart is so generous, and his creative grace so assured, that he can lead us effortlessly up peaks of understanding that most of our own filmmakers don't even attempt to climb.

Anti-fascists Salome (Mariangela Melato) and Tunin (Giancarlo Giannini) in the red-hot bordello of Wertmuller's *Love and Anarchy*.

Love and Anarchy. Is it possible for yet one more Italian director to reexplore the fascist 1930s with anything other than diminishing returns? The answer, at least in the case of Lina Wertmuller, is an only slightly qualified yes—for she has hit upon a brilliant idea in *Love and Anarchy*; the unique nature of her setting and intellectual focus spills fresh and stunningly florid light on an era. That setting is a Roman brothel—a baroque, cloistered mansion of tile floors, heavy antiques and dim light that is refracted into a spectrum of hellish hues—and her story concerns an inarticulate, physically gross peasant who hides out there while waiting to assassinate Mussolini. As one might guess from the film's title, its central conflict has less to do with the plot than with the uneasy mixture of political and romantic anarchy that comes to a boil in the red-hot cauldron of the bordello. Ms. Wertmuller bounces her ironies and analogies off each other for every metaphorical reverberation that they're worth—and, in the end, it is the circumstances of her characters' failure to change the course of history that link them to the richest impulses of humanity. The director also gets the best out of a uniformly exquisite cast. With his prickly hair, freckle-mottled face and stiff undertaker's stance, Giancarlo Giannini makes would-be assassin Tunin a striking and harrowing study in the extremities of human isolation; as one character aptly describes him, he looks like "a hungry cat in front of a fish market." Mariangela Melato is extravagantly flaming as Salome, Tunin's anti-fascist collaborator among the courtesans—a vocally strident siren with the platinum hair of Jean Harlow, a face of ghostly alabaster and the sunken, impenetrable eyes of the dead. What keeps this very good movie from being great,

however, is Wertmuller's lack of a strong directorial personality; solidly assembled as her film may be, too many moments reflect the visions of others (Bertolucci, Antonioni, Fellini and even Visconti) rather than a breakthrough of her own. Though there are isolated flashes of originality—especially a cruel family-style dinner at the brothel and some brutal (and deceptively sunny) De Chirico-like shots of Il Duce's Roma—the movie never really takes off in a stylistic sense. I doubt that anyone will confuse the virtues of *Love and Anarchy* with those of a movie like Bertolucci's *The Conformist*—but gratifying they are in their own, workmanlike way.

Claudine. One of Hollywood's oldest story chestnuts—a middle-aged man tries to win over a single mom and her bevy of precious children—has been dressed up with black actors and settings in this intermittently amusing comedy. James Earl Jones, in a surprisingly jocular and expansive frame of mind, carries much of the film with his finely detailed portrait of a savvy garbage man; he almost makes you believe in his love for the aristocratic Diahann Carroll, who has been ludicrously miscast as a Harlem welfare recipient. (Her part had originally been written for the late Diana Sands.) The talented director, John Berry, makes a long overdue return from his McCarthy-era blacklist banishment; Curtis Mayfield and Gladys Knight and the Pips contribute the irrelevant, but no doubt salable, score; and Tina and Les Pine (with the "supervision" of Drake Walker) wrote the screenplay, which, during the final half hour, forsakes its high spirits for some thoroughly inane dramatic floundering.

Attica. One of the ugliest events of our not terribly attractive time—the murder of 38 unarmed prisoners and hostages at Attica prison by New York State attack forces on September 13, 1971—has, seemingly against all odds, become the basis for an artless, even primitive, film documentary. Those who cannot even hear the word "Attica" without feeling the most profound revulsion for those prison and state officials (Nelson Rockefeller notably among them) who sanctioned the massacre may be particularly astonished by the uninspired movie-making the event has summoned from director Cinda Firestone. She is as pedantic as the surviving prisoners whom she interviews are eloquent. (What power the movie has derives from the inmates' gruesome, moving memories, their immense suffering and their later political and personal perspectives on those bloody days.) Firestone doesn't seem to understand what art—a term that can include documentary movie-making—is all about. It just isn't enough to give us a blow-by-blow account of what happened (like a high-school term paper, the movie falls into sections that could be called: "Causes," "The Revolt," "The Massacre," "The Cover-Up," "The Investigation," "Conclusions"); the material must be given an aesthetic order, one that might spring from political analysis, a visual design (this is a movie, after all), a non-chronology-dictated dramatic idea or original investigative reporting. *Attica* offers none of this; except for some of the interviews with inmates, there is nothing in the film one couldn't get from the better TV journalistic accounts of the time, Attica literature that is already available and the prison writings of a man like George Jackson. The tragedy of Attica demands the talents of a Picasso (as in "Guernica") or a Marcel Ophuls (*The Sorrow and the Pity*) or a Jerry Bruck Jr. (*I.F. Stone's Weekly*) or even a Costa-Gavras (*Z, State of Siege*). What we have in this *Attica* is the sensibility of a clipping service.

Thomasine and Bushrod. Bonnie and Clyde ride on blazing saddles in this comic romance about a black couple who runs around Texas in 1911, robbing banks, befriending poor folks, exulting in newspaper headlines, etc., etc. Screenwriter Max Julien's jokes about frontier racism pale next to those of Mel Brooks; his performance as the hero, on the other hand, is even duller than Cleavon Little's in Brooks' integrated western opus. Vonetta McGee has far more spirit as the two-fisted, vaguely liberated heroine; and director Gordon Parks Jr.—ably assisted by some good old Lucien Ballard cinematography—may well know more than his photographer father (most recently represented by *The Super Cops*) about putting a movie together. Too bad that Julien sabotages his creative collaborators at every turn, for *Thomasine* is the kind of clever project one hopes will turn out to be a sleeper. It's a sleeper all right—but not the kind I had in mind.

The Outfit. A poor man's—make that dying man's—*Charley Varrick*, all about an independent-minded con's private war against a crime syndicate. While an impressive array of character actors—Robert Duvall and Joe Don Baker (the leads), Sheree North, Elisha Cook and Henry Jones—provide a few intriguing moments, John Flynn's screenplay collapses early on into a listless parade of look-alike shoot-outs. (His best plot twist is a variation on a high point in Hitchcock's *Torn Curtain*.) Karen Black plays a modern gun moll—one who has a tendency to burst into tears, at which point one of the men can be counted on to slap her face; it's another one of those abused woman routines with which she apparently intends to throw away her career. Joanna Cassidy, as the wife of a nasty old rackets lord (played by the late Robert Ryan, who is forced to spit out lines that invariably begin or end with "Shut up!"), wins this year's Susan Alexander Kane Memorial Award for the tackiest bouts of suffering within the confines of a sumptuous mansion. Flynn directed his own screenplay, and let that be a lesson to, well, someone.

TV

Good night John Boy/good morning Richard Thomas

By Stuart Werbin

"There's nothing wrong with masturbation" said Richard Thomas, "as long as you don't charge people to watch you do it." I don't think Thomas really believed me when I told him I might use that as an intriguing (although perverted out of context) opening quote for whatever would become of the hour interview we conducted in his publicist's New York office early in April. "Anybody can say

anything they want to say about me. I don't have any regrets about anything I've done (which includes becoming the first major television star to streak through a public theater). I don't believe in regrets."

CBS might feel differently about the image of the 22-year-old veteran actor who plays John Boy Walton, the oldest son in the television family which is credited by many with offering a clean, wholesome approach to serious situations, which revives a once proud American ethic that seems to have gone into hiding sometime between the present depression and the depression of the '30s. If CBS does have regrets, it isn't bothering Thomas, who, I must say, is one of the few actors whose mental state seems more strikingly healthy than his trim physical condition. "Right now John Boy's image is very firmly established" he says. "I don't think mine is. Last year I played a killer in *You'll Like My Mother* (a Universal film), and I really enjoyed that kind of role. I'm good for it because I look so innocent. But it seems people will always make mistakes with [casting] you if you give them a chance. They see you one way and that's the way they want to type you. You have to break that mold yourself. Nobody will do it for you."

Richard Thomas: streaking toward an uncertain future.

Richard admits that he has little time for work outside of the TV series. Even with the "shrinking" season, the popularity of *The Waltons* is such that CBS wants more than the 25 episodes they did this season for '74-'75, including another two-hour special. Last year the only stage work he got to do was the role of the dauphin in *St. Joan* in L.A.

Thomas started on the stage. His first major role in New York was playing the youngest of F.D.R.'s sons in *Sunrise at Campabello* with Ralph Bellamy, when he was eight. Presently he has the leading role of Henry Flemming in a new film version of Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*, which is being made for television in the fall. "I don't think there's a more perfect role for me right now. It incorporates a lot of things that I've been doing. It's not the same kind of boy, but people will easily accept me doing it."

One major difference, I pointed out, is that Henry Flemming undergoes a dramatic moment of truth which forces him to accept uncomfortable revelations about himself and undergo a character change, something John Boy would never do in the context of the series. "Well, not in a single episode, but what saves *The Waltons* is that all the children are growing. It's a blessing. The younger kids are now doing some of the things John Boy would have done in the early episodes, and John Boy will be commuting to college in Charlottesville, which is not to faze him out but to broaden the scope and bring in new elements. You see, a lot of people who criticize *The Waltons* make the mistake of thinking that because it's set in the '30s it's supposed to encompass everything about the Depression. But the Waltons are not James Agee's sharecroppers, nor are they the ghetto city dwellers of that time. They are a single family with cer-

NEW TIMES READER SERVICE

Back issues of NEW TIMES are available for $1 each.
To order back issue please fill out the coupon below and send to:

NEW TIMES
ATTN. READER SERVICE
ONE PARK AVE.
N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Please send me at $1 each for which I enclose $_____

Issue Date	No. of Copies

Make check or money order payable to: NEW TIMES

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE ZIP

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE
OF NEW ADDRESS

Miss/Mrs./Mr.
Name (please print)

New Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry; or attach page with name and present address. If moving, list new address above. Note: Your subscription expiration date is printed at the right end of the top line on your mailing label.

Mail to:

NEW TIMES
P.O. Box 2948
Boulder, Colorado
80302

They call us THE PROFESSIONALS

. . . EVEN if we are a messenger delivery service.

MISTER MESSENGER, INC. is our name. 532-0800 is our telephone number.

We take a common sense approach to our business. Clean, sharp signatures on all deliveries. Neatly dressed, courteous and efficient messengers, as well as Truck Delivery Men for heavier than hand carryable packages. Paid hourly whether they sit or are out running. This is why we can offer WITHIN THE HOUR DELIVERIES. Fair rates.

Secretaries, mail room personnel, corporation presidents — all receive the very same respect and courtesy. We work with dignity and ease and an honest sense of responsibility.

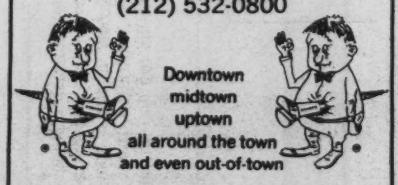
We open at 8 AM; we close when our last delivery has been made THAT SAME DAY. And 24-hour-delivery service . . . uniformed and plainclothes protective service . . . around-the-clock telephone answering service . . . are on our 1974 planning boards right now. . . .

THINKING . . . yesterday and today . . . for TOMORROW! Maybe that is why our clients call us THE PROFESSIONALS.

Join THE PROFESSIONALS.

Mister Messenger, Inc.

(212) 532-0800



tain problems, but they're wealthier than most who live around them. Having John Boy driving into the city will bring in other elements. I've never been bored, because each year's been a different thing. I've constantly felt challenged, and as long as that continues I'm happy. I like to look at *The Waltons* as a work in progress."

"The American *Forsythe Saga*?"

"Maybe. But John Boy can only continue to be John Boy for so many years and then he becomes Apple."

Bringing up Apple and *Apple's Way* forced the question of what effect the welcome wagon full of new shows heralding themselves as "Waltonish" will have on the original. "One thing unfortunate is that a lot of shows that want to be like *The Waltons* won't be. And *The Waltons* will get blamed. People will say, 'See, it's not such a good thing. It's just part of a tacky trend of sentimentalism.' " Nothing seems to depress Thomas as much as the term "sentimentalism" being applied to his series. He considers it derogatory. He'll accept that it's "poignant" and that sentiment for the characters is a natural goal, but he rejects any notion that the tears are jerked. Sentimental to him is Swinburne or *Love Story* and *Summer of '42*, but not *The Waltons*. "The show is aimed at the heart, so you're always running a risk. But we've had meetings in which we've talked about things for the kids to fight about among themselves, to avoid appearing unnaturally harmonious."

Whatever the combination is, *The Waltons* seems to possess the kind of popularity enjoyed by programs like *Bonanza, Gunsmoke* and *Lassie*, which allowed them to maintain a high place in the ratings for more than a decade each. Thomas says he doesn't think about John Boy's future beyond next season, although his idea of why the show is so popular contained that masturbation quote that started this piece with such flash.

Thomas spends his time divided between L.A. and N.Y.C. He can't figure out why people think you have to hate one in order to live in the other. His parents live in New York where his father, who originally left Kentucky to join the circus, runs a ballet school on the Upper West Side. The night before our interview, Richard had been watching television with his mother, who criticized a particular program because "it seemed like the people involved were more interested in entertaining themselves than the audience." It is because *The Waltons'* company does it the other way around that Thomas feels they have become so popular. "We realize that if people had to watch that house for a third season, they'd become claustrophobic. That's why we're always trying to broaden." The press agent called the first method masturbation, and Richard Thomas said what he had to say about that.

Which still leaves the problem of whether Richard Thomas is willing to carry John Boy on his back for as long as the public wants him to. "Hopefully, in the next couple of years, I'll make enough to do whatever I want." This includes making a western, doing Richard III on the stage and, most of all, getting a chance to play the great Russian ballet star Nijinsky.

Presently he is 100 percent behind the way *The Waltons* is being done. But, he says, "No show should be on the air any longer than it can continue to deliver quality. *The Waltons* still has balls, and I don't want to be around if something or somebody starts to castrate it. It has to keep developing on its own power in order to keep growing. I had this Stetson hat, and then I heard that Stetson had gone out of business and mine was one of the last originals, from an honored line. I was so upset that Stetson was through that I gave the hat away. I couldn't bear the thought of wearing it the day it started to fall apart."

MUSIC

Alan Price: now a certifiable main attraction

By Janet Maslin

Ten years ago, at the height of the so-called British Invasion, Alan Price came to New York with the Animals and shook hands with 2,000 people in one day, after which he and the rest of the band endured a six-hour photo session and went on to play before enormous screaming crowds. Last spring Alan

Price came to New York as part of the *O Lucky Man!* entourage and, very much overshadowed by the film's star and director, was heard to mutter self-effacingly about how "very nervous [he'd been] at the thought of making a film with such giants as Messrs. McDowell and Anderson." He then appeared on one talk show where, amidst a barrage of questions for McDowell about *Clockwork Orange*, someone called in to ask if this was really the same Price who'd been lead organist with the Animals. Price conceded as much, at which point the caller remarked, "Oh. I thought you were dead."

Last month Price made his first New York sojourn as a certifiable main attraction. Having been induced by David Niven's book to sample the Hotel Pierre, he lounged around a mirror-lined room sipping Vichy water and complaining bitterly about American air-conditioning as he demonstrated the erroneousness of his previous Mr. Nice Guy image. If he'd seemed unnaturally congenial in his *O Lucky Man!* performance, that was because "every day I went in at eight o'clock in the morning and there'd be half a dozen bottles of beer on the piano. I used to be drinkin' very heavy then, and I smile all the time when I'm drunk."

His initial meeting with the film's director, Lindsay Anderson, had ended stormily because "unfortunately I used to be a lot more rude than I am now, if that's possible." And as for his previous humility about his role in creating the superb *O Lucky Man!* soundtrack, well, "Lindsay helped me with the lyrics, and then he helped me in the recordin' studio, because I've got a very low threshold of pain. So if you understand some of the problems that went into puttin' the film together, then you understand why I owed everything to him. *That's* why I was humble; normally I'm an egomaniac."

Price's self-esteem, which does correlate nicely with his abilities as both composer and performer, was in the process of receiving an enormous boost last month. As part of the promotion for his new solo album, *Between Today and Yesterday*, a breathless two-week American tour had been arranged, made up of mostly one-night engagements at small but prestigious locales. In each city a new ensemble of perhaps 15 accompanists would be hastily taught arrangements from the record, plus most of the *O Lucky Man!* chestnuts. And at each stopover there would be enough interviews to seriously impair Price's singing voice, if not his calm or sanity. "Ninety percent

THE 1974

National Book Award Winners

ARTS & LETTERS
PAULINE KAEL
Deeper into Movies
Atlantic/Little, Brown

BIOGRAPHY
DOUGLAS DAY
Malcolm Lowry: A Biography
Oxford University Press

CHILDREN'S BOOKS
ELEANOR CAMERON
The Court of the Stone Children
E. P. Dutton

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS
MURRAY KEMPTON
The Briar Patch: The People of the State of New York v. Lumumba Shakur Et Al.
E. P. Dutton

FICTION
THOMAS PYNCHON
Gravity's Rainbow
Viking

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER
A Crown of Feathers and Other Stories
Farrar, Straus & Giroux

HISTORY
JOHN CLIVE
Macaulay: The Shaping of the Historian
Alfred A. Knopf

PHILOSOPHY & RELIGION
MAURICE NATANSON
Edmund Husserl: Philosopher of Infinite Tasks
Northwestern University Press

POETRY
ALLEN GINSBERG
The Fall of America: Poems of These States, 1965-1971
City Lights

ADRIENNE RICH
Diving into the Wreck: Poems, 1971-1972
Norton

THE SCIENCES
S. E. LURIA
Life: The Unfinished Experiment
Scribner's

TRANSLATION
KAREN BRAZELL
The Confessions of Lady Nijø
Anchor/Doubleday

HELEN R. LANE
Alternating Current by Octavio Paz
Richard Seaver/Viking

JACKSON MATHEWS
Monsieur Teste by Paul Valéry
Princeton University Press

The National Book Committee, a non-profit membership corporation, administers the Book Awards Programs on behalf of four donor organizations: the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American Publishers, the Children's Book Council, and the National Association of College Stores.

of it is keepin' the interviews straight, keepin' the band paid, payin' the expenses, writin' songs, gettin' into studios, keepin' everybody happy," he observed, coughing, on the morning before his opening at New York's Bottom Line. "Only ten percent is actually playin' the bloody piano."

The tour had been arranged and funded by Price's label, Warner Brothers, in hopes of generating favorable word of mouth about the album. And though Price may not have created as much of a stir elsewhere as he did in New York (in Boston the whole string section played too fast and out of tune), the Bottom Line engagement was spectacularly successful. Alan, who played brilliantly, undoubtedly had a lot to do with the outcome, but even before he stepped onstage in his velvet tuxedo there was a palpable sense of triumph in the air. The event had acquired just the right cachet among local tastemakers, so everybody was there. Ousted Columbia Records chief Clive Davis sat conspicuously close to Price's toes; prestigious manager Dee Anthony watched the show intently; even Lauren Hutton nodded her gorgeous head along to the catchier numbers. And, uncommonly enough, jaded show-biz types were indistinguishable from paying customers by the middle of the show. *Everyone* leapt from their seats to give Price his well-earned ovation.

So if word of mouth really does make a difference, then sending Price out on behalf of the new album should prove to be a promotional masterstroke—because, even though *Between Today and Yesterday* is quite good to begin with, it sounds mysteriously better once you've heard it either performed or explained. The more upbeat numbers, like "In Times Like These" or "Jarrow Song," can stand on their own far more easily than slow, soulful, elusive stuff like "Under the Sun," the title cut (included, like the *O Lucky Man!* theme was, in two versions), or most of the second side.

Alan Price says, "Only ten percent is actually playing the bloody piano."

The album is conceived as an autobiographical work, and it splits into halves according to Price's experience. The "Yesterday" side chronicles his youth in a working-class mining town, while "Today" is devoted to his tenuous transformation into a city slicker. As a collection of songs, it's certainly an impressive set, but as autobiography it suffers from much the same problem *O Lucky Man!* (the film, not the soundtrack) did: it works much too hard at achieving a deceptively ingenuous "simplicity" while never quite abandoning its high-minded pretentions. The album conveys a strong sense of being about something but precious little idea of what that something might be. Price is currently working up a stage show that will incorporate some of the album, and perhaps the continuity of a visual backdrop will alleviate some of the choppiness.

For the time being, though, it's a well-executed effort that's bound to seem both likable and obscure to his American audiences. "Jarrow Song," for instance, sounds like a spirited music hall number but is actually about an historic hunger march from Price's hometown to London during the Depression (juxtaposing gloomy subjects with an oddly cheerful approach has always been one of his methods). The title cut is introduced in the "Yesterday" side in an attempt to set Price—the loner—against the working-class panorama, but its murky presence among more upbeat numbers may at first seem confusing. "Under the Sun," the album's most oblique number, is meant as a reference to the death of Price's father in an industrial accident. Meanwhile, on the "Today" side, the disconcertingly lighthearted "Look at My Face" is more or less a nonsense song inspired by a photo in a woman's magazine. Presumably it has something to do with his impressions of urban sophistication, but there's no way of knowing for sure. Price doesn't take kindly to having his work viewed too literally.

"One has to retain a certain element of mystery about the thing," he warned, savoring the last of the Vichy water from his sofa at the Pierre. "If you *explain* it all, there's nothing left. We're all mysteries, really. Music is communication, and analyzing communication is a pointless exercise."

BOOKS

Climbing the Everest of transsexuality

By Anne Schneider

Conundrum *by Jan Morris,* Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 174 pp., $5.95.

A year and a half after the New York *Daily News* made Christine Jorgensen a show business personality, at the Midsouth Fair in Memphis, Tennessee, a woman who claimed to be the real Ms. Jorgensen whipped up her audience with the details of her operation and the promise that for a few extra dollars she'd let them see it. It wasn't "the real Christine Jorgensen," of course (at the time, Christine was "playing to packed houses" in "the city of Brotherly Love")—and the pretender *was* ejected from Memphis. But that very basic, prurient hunger for the details remained—probably with most of us.

Ms. Jorgensen's autobiography didn't appease our curiosity (though it continues to sell at inflated prices secondhand): tedious humility and homilies, a few pictures from the family album, the famous "Nature has made a mistake, which I have corrected, and am

NEW TIMES CLASSIFIED

NEW TIMES Classified is a service published in every issue of NEW TIMES. Rates are 85¢ per word with a 10 word minimum; 75¢ per word for 6 or more insertions; 65¢ per word for over 12 insertions. Box numbers and phone numbers count as 2 words; abbreviations and zip codes count as one word. Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Money order or check must accompany copy and be received prior to closing date (25 days before issue date). Make all checks payable to New Times Communications Corporation. Send to NEW TIMES MAGAZINE, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016

SERVICES

SONG WRITERS: You need to invest in your songs. Before you do, find out how and where. Do it right. For informative booklet send $3.00 to: Magic Music, 1108-A Enterprise, Grand Praire, Texas 75050.

RR PROFESSIONAL TYPING SERVICE. Rapid-Reasonable. (212) 762-2041 after 3:00.

EASTMAN'S DATE/MATE BY-PHONE-MATCHING! Your $5 phone cost deducted from: $15 for men, $5 for women. Call (212) 359-6273 or 461-2421 anytime!

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE. Computerized matching, nationwide, only "15," FREE questionnaire. "TEAM," 1270 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10001

RESORTS

WORLDWIDE NUDIST RESORT GUIDE $5.00 (Calendar $3.00). Naked City, Rose Lawn, Indiana 46372.

CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE OPENING MAY 24 for Memorial Day Weekend . . . better than ever. 1500 acre Adirondack preserve, private spring-fed lake, 11 championship tennis courts, chef's cuisine, folk, social dancing to live band . . . delightful people. June 3 to June 28 - special rates, Continental Breakfast only. Brochure. N.Y.C.: (212) 332-4578. Chestertown: (518) 494-2229. Write: Crystal Lake Lodge, Box M, Chestertown, N.Y. 12817.

MERCHANDISE

EXCEPTIONAL CB DISCOUNT PRICES. Enway, Box 3283-NT, Bridgeport, CT. 06605.

FOR SALE - FURNITURE: 4 Piece Maple Bedroom - single bed. Oak Mediterranean Cedar Chest with drawer. Lawson sofa, 6' solid orange/reversible flowered cushions. Evenings (201) 923-1986.

LITERARY SERVICES

DISSERTATIONS, THESES, WRITING, EDITING, TYPING, all subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! RC RESEARCH, Box 138-N, Dayton, Washington 99328.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FOR SALE: PHOTOGRAPHY EQUIPMENT. Professional & amateur: Cameras, Tripods, Lights, Darkroom Equipment, Pako Electric 36" Drum Dryer, 7' x 3' Stainless Tank. Evenings (201) 923-1986.

INTERNATIONAL SLIDE EXCHANGE. Trade or sell your slides to members. Send $10 for membership and annual subscription to the Slide Exchange. ISE, 1411 Walnut Street, Suite 1212, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

GOURMET CATERING

AUTHENTIC CHINESE CATERING joyfully prepared in your home. CHEF YIP (212) DE 2-1622.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. At parties, Lectures. By Mail. Dorothy Sara (212) 684-2830, mornings.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WRITING SHORT PARAGRAPHS. Information Free. Barrett, Dept. C-503-K. 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

REAL ESTATE

CENTRAL ONTARIO - CHOICE 640 ACRE SPORTSMEN'S PARADISES still available - $20.00 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures. $2.00 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 86, Ontario, Canada.

SELF IMPROVEMENT

STOP SMOKING! New Book presents Medical and Psychological Step-By-Step Method. Money Back Guarantee. Send $1.25. COLL'S, 219 Northgate Rd., Manchester, N.H. 03104.

PLAY THEATER GAMES at the George Morrison Studio and develop your creativity. Brochure (212) 594-2614.

ACUPUNCTURE TRAINING HOME STUDY PROGRAM, supplies! Chan, Box 219W, Toronto, Canada M6M 4Z2.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 1167-TE, Kailua, Hawaii 96734

STUDIES ABROAD

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE. Language, fine arts, performing arts. For information: Paris American Academy, 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris 5.

SUMMER PROGRAMS

In Provence
Aix-en-Provence and Avignon

TREASURES OF PROVENCE (in English) in Aix-en-Provence. Old Provencal Poetry, Art, and Literature; Romanesque Art and Architecture; Music of the Troubadours; Practice in Medieval Music and Dance. Cost $470 for Tuition and Dormitory Accommodation. Housing with French families can be arranged. (4 credit hours.)

ART IN PROVENCE (a Fine Arts workshop in English) in Avignon. Painting with European and American masters, combining the best modern elements in European and American art. Subjects include still lifes, models, and the countryside painted by Cezanne and Van Gogh. Cost $585 for Tuition and Field Trips (6 credit hours.)

Institute for American Universities
Summer Programs
27, Place de l'Universite
13625 Aix-en-Provence
France
Tel: (91) 26.63.68

NOVELTY ITEMS

BUGGED??? . . . DETECTORS LOCATE Hidden Transmitters. Literature-25¢. SECURITY, Box 671NT, Westwood, New Jersey 07675.

ORIENTAL FRIENDS! Girls' photos, literature, details, $1.00. Inter-Pacific, Box 304-NT, Birmingham, Michigan 48012.

TELEPHONE "BUGGED"? Don't be Watergated! Fight back! Countermeasures Brochure - $1.00. Negeye Laboratories, Peonsboro, W. Va. 26415

EDUCATION

NONRESIDENT DEGREES! Honorary degrees. Worldwide faculty. Catalog: $3.00. UNITED STATES UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA. Box 4552-NT, Washington, D.C. 20017.

PERSONALS

FOR INFORMATION ON THE HERMANN HESSE SOCIETY write: 517 East 77th Street, 2B, Manhattan 10021.

BIXESUAL LIBERATION. Read Johnny Greene's "New Times," 4/19/74 issue, article about us - Come out, join! Send 50¢ for our newsletter, events (dances, groups) your area. Nat'l Bilib, 345 W. 85 (#46-N), NYC 10024. (212) 595-5365.

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR MEN—BY MAIL! Twenty-five top brands—Trojan, Conture, Jade, and many more. Twelve assorted samples: $3. Deluxe sampler: $6. Free illustrated catalogue with every order. Plain package assures privacy. Fast and reliable service. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full. POPLAN, Box 2556 - Dept. NTC-2, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

A FRIEND YOU DIDN'T KNOW WAS GAY wishes you would read *The Best Little Boy in the World*. "Splendid."—N.Y. Times. Send $8.50 to Putnam's, NT, 200 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 10016.

NEW TIMES CHARTER ISSUE - Collectors' Item, limited supply, send $1.00 to Reader Service, NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WANTED: POLITICAL MEMORABILIA OF ALL SHAPES, sizes, eras. Willing to buy or trade. Let me know what you have. Write 42 W. 13th St. - Apt. 6F, New York, N.Y. 10011.

MUSHROOM: Have the Happiest Birthday ever. S, S, and D.

MEET SWINGERS

The swinging couples & singles who you only dreamed about. We've over 15,000 members who want to meet you. Free details & sample ads.

SEEKERS: Box 781 Dept. 19
Cherry Hill, N.J. 08003
You must state your age.

now your daughter" letter. A few details, a few tasteful allusions, but no real nitty-gritty.

Yet it was more than the bare clinical details we wanted—that much was available in Dr. Harry Benjamin's *The Transsexual Phenomenon*. It was something else, something infinitely more titillating.

Then, two years ago, in a little explosion of transsexual candor, the nitty-gritty surfaced in a paperback original from the Olympia Press, *The Diary of a Transsexual* by Lynn Raskin. It wasn't an easy book to find, and the few well-worn copies around passed from reader to reader with something like the fervor that greeted French imports of Henry Miller.

Its author, with few exceptions, came off as desperate and unpleasant. Its glimpse of transsexual life in New York (both pre- and post-operative) couldn't have been more dismal. But the vulgar details were all there. ("Prior to the third bath each day, I would douche myself with my Shy Demure Douche Bag. After my baths, I would dilate my vagina with a slightly bent and lubricated . . . candle.") Operation after operation. Ears pinned back. Chin augmented. Face peeling. Nose job. Breast implants. The surgery in Africa. The corrective surgery after Africa. Infections. Rashes. Electrolysis. And the wandering from singles bar to singles bar, wondering why—now that she was a woman—there were no steady beaus, no nice young Jewish man to marry her.

A far cry from Jan Morris' *Conundrum*—so it seems at first. Lynn Raskin's childhood was a horror. Jan Morris'—if a bit odd—seems extraordinarily pleasant. For more than ten years Lynn Raskin trailed from producer's office to producer's office trying to get her plays read. Jan Morris' career was exciting, lucrative, aesthetically rewarding. For Lynn Raskin there was a frenzied, compulsive haze of doormen, hustlers, numbers picked up in bars for the night. For Jan Morris there was love, marriage, five children.

Jan Morris before and after: it's all terribly depressing.

Yet the gentleman journalist from Oxford and the hysterical queen from Miami both wound up at the same clinic in Casablanca, attended by the same Dr. Burou—notorious for his less than sterile operating conditions, but one of the few who would perform the operation on anyone who could pay him, no waiting, no questions asked.

It's all terribly depressing. It's depressing because of the torture that comes through in each transsexual confession we read (one can't help glibly wondering what Robert Lowell might have done with the same material). It's depressing because no one seems to know what *causes* it—and because it apparently affects thousands of people. Yet, unless one knows the people involved, the aura of the Midsouth Fair lingers: man into woman; man into emasculated man; man into. . . .

Yet Jan Morris' book is more than that, one assures oneself: an exploration of masculine perception, feminine perception. Perhaps. But *Conundrum*, if it finds an audience here—as it undoubtedly will—won't be read for its exercises in perception-by-gender. It will be read because Jan Morris, until recently, was the James Morris who climbed Everest, who lived a rather dashing, romantic life, who wrote all those books, had all those children—and then sat before them for eight years, deliberately growing breasts.

Mundome *by A.G. Mojtabai* (Simon & Schuster, 154 pp., $6.95). With a dust jacket featuring Magritte's *The Lovers*, and back-of-jacket puffs by A. Alvarez and Anthony Burgess, *Mundome* advertises itself as a work of art. Perhaps. Yet it seems to us a distinctly minor one. Its narrative line is fairly prosaic: a 28-year-old archivist at the public library is rejoined in his long-dead parents' Upper West Side apartment by Meg, his schizophrenic sister who has been institutionalized for about eight years. Accompanying Meg is Miss Kay, the older woman nurse who just escapes being a stereotype (as Dr. Grey, the story's psychiatrist—deliberately, one must assume—does not). The sister is controllable, but no better than years before. Her world is still a mad world, and Richard, her brother, willingly surrenders himself to the pull of her insanity. It's a very bleak story. But the book is interesting for three things: first, it is the best representation we've seen in contemporary fiction of the way schizophrenia in one person can engulf a family; second, it is a fair and funny glimpse of the life of an archivist, though a bit hyperbolized; third, it is written, on the whole, with an austerity and power that's extremely effective. Ms. Mojtabai, in short bursts of prose, takes swipes at the narrative line, gaining an effect not entirely unreminiscent of Michel Butor— but with a much less interesting, ordinarily structured time frame. Her prose, in itself, is rarely that distinguished. (One uneven exception occurs on p. 129: "They had probably taken a survey to decide on the yellow. The color that offended least, or something to that effect. But it looked like the cosmetics of the dead to me.") And her sometimes acutely executed interlockings of madness and sanity seem like decade-old echoes of Samuel Beckett plays. Ms. Mojtabai obviously is a writer of more than ordinary talent. *Mundome* is better certainly than most new novels one sees. Yet one doesn't leave it with that sense of augmented perception peculiar to novels that, in the larger sense of things, really matters.—**Anne Schneider**

37 THINGS YOU MAY WANT TO BUY, SELL OR BARTER IN NEW TIMES NEW NATIONWIDE CLASSIFIED AD SECTION

1. Order a 1920 penny candy machine from a shop in St. Louis.
2. Sell fresh Florida oranges to a couple in Shaker Heights, Ohio.
3. Get a job as a creative thinker in Fresno, California—no experience necessary.
4. Buy an antique roll top desk from a retired legislator in North Carolina.
5. Sell your book on the hard evidence for life after death.
6. Support the "Impeach Nixon Drive" at a party in San Clemente.
7. Sell your services as a free-lance writer to a new magazine publisher in Austin.
8. Go on a backroads antique and auction weekend next time you visit Philadelphia.
9. Join the meal-of-the-month club in Denver.
10. Learn about the gay crisis and information line in New York.
11. Let people everywhere know you'll perform interfaith marriages.
12. Learn to scuba dive at home for fun and profit.
13. Trade the decoupage you created last year for a handmade Appalachian quilt.
14. Take a home course in car repair to get you through the Sunday shutdowns.
15. Sign up for an all singles Canadian moose hunt.
16. Get home-pickled pears from a nice grandmother in Portland.
17. Sell wild rice to a gourmet dinner club in Allentown, Pa.
18. Find a taker for your complete collection of LIFE magazines.
19. Start your own chess by mail game.
20. Swap your genius for building bookcases for a freebie "working" vacation in the Caribbean.
21. Get nationwide abortion information with one quick call.
22. Find an Aquarian Yoga studio for physical well-being and spiritual awareness.
23. Get out of your head and into body at a theatre workshop in Cincinnati.
24. Learn how to make gasoline out of trash from an inventor in Montclair, N.J.
25. Sell your 1820 Clementi Clavichord to a retired violinist in Boca Raton.
26. Buy a house-broken deer from a family in Oklahoma City.
27. Sell your collection of political campaign buttons to an eager dealer in Houston.
28. Have your puppy's personal astrological chart prepared by an expert in N.J.
29. Sell your authentic Grandfather Clock kits to do-it-themselfers from Maine to California.
30. Sail a three-masted Danish schooner from Martinique to wherever.
31. Buy your brass bed direct from the factory in West Virginia.
32. Find a collaborator for the Great American Musical Comedy
33. Sell your 1967 Iso Grifo to a racing car nut in Pocatello.
34. Save $40-$50 on sheepskin coats from England.
35. Discover Easter Island on the one airline that's flying there twice as often this year.
36. Buy an antique broom-making machine from a gent in Tennessee.
37. Simply tell someone you love them.

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE
NEW TIMES

Copy: _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____
Name

_____
Address

_____
City State Zip

Send to:
NEW TIMES Classified
NEW TIMES Magazine
1 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

I enclose $_____ for _____ words. To run in _____ issues. 85¢ per word, minimum 10 words. 75¢ per word, 6 insertions. 65¢ per word, 12 insertions or more. P.O. Box number and telephone numbers count as two words each: Abbreviations and zip codes count as one word each. Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Full payment must accompany order. Make checks payable to New Times Communication Corp.

The end of the *Storm*

FINAL TRIBUTE

By John Christie

The mail lay on the kitchen table until my mother came home from the girdle factory for lunch. She opened a card from some friends back at the university where I teach, then looked up at me and said tremulously: "There's bad news from Terre Haute, John. Lilia Brady says that Jill and Hugh Clayborne are dead—in a plane crash."

"They're *what?*" I said, aghast. I rushed from the kitchen and clicked on the television while mother stood there looking like Barbara Stanwyck about to deliver one of her bedroom door soliloquies. Then it dawned on her. The funeral of Hugh and Jill Clayborne would be taking place not back home in Indiana but on Channel 22 that afternoon in mythical Woodbridge, N.Y. *The Secret Storm* had struck again, deep.

And as TV funerals go, it was tremendous. Everybody was there: Val, Amy, Susan, Mrs. Tyrell, Paul Britton, Belle Clemmons-Britton, Cory. The eulogist read from Jill's tragically unfinished novel, "Always remember, my dearest, life and you are all that matter. Remember that."

Following the deaths of Jill and Hugh Clayborne last December, CBS got letters, lots of them, and not the kind Perry Como used to sing about. *Storm* freaks were furious that the writers killed off two *nice* people, and before Christmas at that. *I* even thought of writing, and was little amused when the actress who played Jill turned up on *The Edge of Night* a few weeks later selling, of all things, airline tickets.

The Secret Storm, CBS's daytime drama—puhlease, not soap opera—ended much as it began more than 20 years ago. Against a background of blue water slamming at a rocky shore, a studio organ roller-rinked the second movement of the Brahms Double Concerto while an announcer intoned "This is *The Secret Storm*" as if the show would return Monday, or be continued in some distant universe at 3 p.m. The show hardly lacked adorers. Tallulah Bankhead, we are told, wouldn't permit a call from the President of the United States to compromise her immersion in Woodbridge, N.Y. Nor is it likely that anyone in an audience conservatively set at 12 million daily would do otherwise. It was a rag-tag audience—day-shift bartenders, trapped housewives, hospital patients, college students with a free period in a campus lounge, bejeweled dowagers in Palm Beach—but it was There. Addicts all.

Never mind that landlocked Woodbridge was nowhere near the rocky shore surf; never mind that most of the characters shuffled implausibly from the witness stand to the emergency room; never mind that little Amy, who we saw grow up, sailed through three marriages, toyed with adultery, suicide, incest, had artificial insemination by her gynecologist and tilted with the Mafia. And never mind her stepmother, Val. Okay, so she had three husbands and was tried for murder: wasn't she always wise and comforting? Forget about Amy's sister Susan, twice-married, an alcoholic, drug addict and convicted murderess. I mean, dammit, do you have to *analyze* everything?

So, why did we stick with *The Secret Storm*? To live vicariously in a world of characters and conflicts gorgeously removed from the un-fun of our own? Maybe, maybe not.

The truth is that *The Secret Storm* provided us with generous amounts of smugness and self-satisfaction, not because we identified with Val, Amy and the gang, but because of the easy day-to-day contempt in which we held them. How superior I felt to the antics of characters who came to disaster because they weren't as quick on life as us viewers, who could have straightened out everyone in Woodbridge with a ten-minute gut talk. I wouldn't be so dumb as to fail to see that the young man after my unreliable new wife is actually my son, avenging his mother (whom I abandoned when she was pregnant). I mean, really. It's common sense. While all sorts of internal bleeding is going on in Woodbridge, the reign of Sweet Reason prevails in living rooms across the U.S. of A.

Thus, after 20 years of circular reasoning, of overlooking the obvious, of enduring people who should have known better, *The Secret Storm* died a quiet death a few months back, another victim of the unmerciful Nielsen ratings. So we rationalize and look for alternatives to self-validation. What's left? *The New Price Is Right, Celebrity Match Game* and *Tattletales*. What drivel: "Sorry, Peggy Cass, you don't have a match there!" clucks Gene Rayburn, rushing up to a contestant and asking if Boston should be followed by tea party, baked beans or banned. Which is the $500 answer?

Who gives a damn? They'd never get *me* on that show, no matter how much they offered. I wouldn't make an ass of myself like *those* fools. But then again, I wouldn't have even stopped for gas in Woodbridge.

Show-biz crapola farewell. And hail. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY LINCOLN PERRY

Write: Pamphlet offer, Sony, 9 W. 57 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019 ©1974 Sony Corp. of America. SONY is a trademark of Sony Corp.

THE BEAUTY OF ONE GUN.

Trinitron's unique one-gun, one-lens system has yet to be equalled.

Model KV-1722 Trinitron. 17" measured diagonally. Harvest space-saving cabinet.

First television was invented.
Then color television.
Then Trinitron.*

Trinitron is not made like other color TV sets. And if you're about to buy one, you owe it to yourself to understand the difference.

Here goes. Feel free to ask questions.

The one gun that Trinitron has is located in the neck of the picture tube.

It shoots electron beams through a single lens to the screen. You see the beams in the form of a picture.

Other sets have three guns. They shoot electron beams through three small lenses.

Why is one right enough better? The larger the lens, the less the distortion.

So bigger gives you a sharper and better [illegible] picture.

Also, these aren't your run of the mill beams we're shooting.

Because only Trinitron has something called an Aperture Grille.

Translated: The picture you see is made up of unbroken stripes, not located dots or slots.

So add an Aperture Grille and you have a brighter picture.

Brighter sharper better focused and need [illegible] by a [illegible] state.

That's Sony Trinitron.

*Sony spelled [illegible]. We answer them all [illegible] Trinitron's pamphlet.

Write to [illegible] or [illegible] Sony dealer.

Let him explain the beauty of our unique one-gun, one-lens system. He's got an advantage.

He can show you the picture.

"IT'S A SONY."

SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN.) ©1974, HEUBLEIN, INCORPORATED, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

The Bullfrog.

(The greening of a drink.)

When this drink originally occurred to us, we had some misgivings. It was so simple and obvious we were afraid of appearing unsophisticated by suggesting it.

We tried it out on a few friends who convinced us it was too good to keep under wraps. So now that we've found the courage to suggest the idea, you might want to try a Bullfrog. It tastes as fresh-faced as summer itself.

To make a Bullfrog, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Fill with 4 oz. of limeade and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless*